

AUG - 5 1915

DETROIT.

# AMERICA

## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XIII, No. 17 }  
WHOLE No. 330 }

AUGUST 7, 1915

{ PRICE 10 CENTS  
{ \$3.00 A YEAR**CHRONICLE**

The War: Bulletin, July 27, p. m.-Aug. 3, a. m.  
—The Western Front—Other Items. Germany: The Emperor's Declaration. Ireland: Minor Industries. Mexico: Hunger, A Letter. Rome: The Pope's Letter, Comments...409-412

**TOPICS OF INTEREST**

Pan-Americanism and the Church—By Order of Darwin—Good Qualities of the Catholic Press—Genesis and Woman's Rights—Count Zeppelin Awakens London's Conscience—The Children of France and the War...413-419

**COMMUNICATIONS**

A "Bishop's" Calumny—Dangers in the Navy—Church Music—A Black List for Motion Pictures—Ben Jonson as a Catholic—Mr. Belloc on Wine...419-421

**EDITORIALS**

Crying to Heaven—A New Plea for Peace—Social Uplift—Oh, Georgia!—War, Capital and Labor—An Angry Old Girl...422-425

**LITERATURE**

John Boyle O'Reilly.

REVIEWS: Thomas Davis, the Thinker and Teacher—John Mitchel's Jail Journal—The Felon's Track—The Ballade—Thankful's Inheritance—The Evolution of a Teacher—Tennis as I Play It—Dedications and Patron Saints of English Churches—The Most Vital Mission Problem.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS: The Catholic Mind—"In a French Hospital: Notes of a Nurse"—"Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson"—"Millstone"—Increasing Interest in Catholic Lecture Work

—"Die Exerziten des heiligen Ignatius"—"The Parish Hymnal"—"A Treasury of Catholic Song"—"Gregorian Hymns for Benediction"—"Abused Russia"—"Russian Realities."

BOOKS RECEIVED .....425-429

**EDUCATION**

Educational Work in China, II.....430, 431

**ECONOMICS**

The Psychology of Social Rest.....431

**NOTE AND COMMENT**

Confusing News About the Vatican—The Purity Congress—The Churchman and Rome—Motives for Backsliding—"Movies" and Morals—An Encouraging School Report—Notable Mission Records .....431, 432

**CHRONICLE**

**The War.**—In the Vosges the French succeeded in capturing the heights of Lingekopf, Schratzmenele and Barrenkopf, only to lose again, according to German despatches, the latter two. All along the western front French airships have been raiding the German positions; the fighting, too, has been fierce, especially around Souchez, but with little success on either side.

Warsaw has continued to be the center of interest during the past week, as the Germans strove to complete their vast encircling movement to the north, west and south of the Polish capital. General

**The Western Front** von Hindenberg's army was checked momentarily at the Narew, but immediately resumed its vigorous approach upon the city from the west. General von Mackensen's army on the south, after forcing back the Russian line between the Vistula and the Bug, captured the long-contested strongholds of Lublin and Cholm. This gives the Germans control of the Lublin-Cholm railway and threatens to cut off the left wing of the Russian army, under General Ivanoff, that rests upon the rivers Zlota-Lipa and Dniester. This part of the army is now in retreat in the direction of the Bug river. Only two railroad-exits out of Warsaw are now left in the possession of the Russians, the one through Brest-Litowski to Moscow, and the other northeast through Wilna to Petrograd. Against this latter road the Germans are now launching a very strong attack. The operations around Warsaw and Lublin-Cholm have drawn large Russian forces to the center and the south of the Russian line of defense, while the Germans, as if foreseeing this event, are said to have been amassing their forces in the north for the very emergency

that has now arisen. They are aiming now apparently at the capture of the northern railroad and besides this at severing the line of the Russian defense at Wilna on the north, just as General von Mackensen is threatening to do by the capture of Lublin and Cholm on the south.

The Russians meanwhile have not been unaware of their danger. Despatches relate that the civil evacuation of Warsaw has been going on for two weeks past. All property of military value in the city has been destroyed and the civilians have been fleeing from the city by the hundred thousands. The United States consul will remain at his post, though other consuls are departing for Moscow. The Russian army, too, is retiring to a new position, which they have been preparing. The new line extends directly south from Kovno through Brest-Litowski to Cholm, and is, as it were, the chord of the former arc-line extending around Warsaw. This protects the two railroad exits left open to them, though the northern one, namely, the Warsaw-Petrograd railroad, is being seriously threatened by General von Buelow's drive for Wilna. The Austro-Germans are pushing after the Russians southeast and northeast in five main divisions towards Wilna and from Suwalki, Lomza, Lublin and Cholm, in an attempt to isolate the Polish capital and to prevent the Russian army from regrouping along their new line. Mitau has been captured in the Courland district on the north. The Russians are contesting fiercely every foot of the ground of their retreat.

Nothing has occurred to change the situation in the Dardanelles or the Trentino. Along the Isonzo there has been continuous fighting, the Italians claiming to have captured a number of the Austrian trenches on the Carso plateau near Goritz. According to official report the English losses up to the present date have been

**Other Items**

330,995. By report from Berlin German submarines have sunk 229 British ships, 30 belonging to other belligerents, and 33 belonging to neutrals. An English note on the subject of the blockade of neutral ports was received by the United States Government on July 26. Two days later, however, following the publication of the German note, the British Government informed the State Department at Washington that they would send a second note to supplement the first, and the first was withheld from publication at their request. The British steamship *Iberian* was torpedoed by a German submarine and one American citizen, a member of the crew, was killed. The United States Consul at Queenstown reports, however, that the German submarine only attacked the *Iberian* after that vessel had disregarded her signals to stop. If this is the case, no blame can attach itself to the German warship for the loss of life, much less for violating the "deliberately unfriendly" clause of President Wilson's last note to Germany.

**Germany.**—The statement from the German Emperor on the anniversary of the beginning of the war, which was looked forward to with considerable expectation, has been announced in the press.

*The Emperor's  
Declaration*

"Before God and history," he avers, "my conscience is clear. I did not will this war." He declares that the preparations to crush Germany had been under way for a decade of years, while there was not the least "lust for conquest" on her part as a motive for the war, which he again describes as purely defensive. "Every German on earth felt, in accordance with the unanimous opinion of the Reichstag, that it was a fight for the highest good of the nation, its life, its freedom." Pointing then to the havoc created in East Prussia, he gives it as an example of what Germany might have expected in case of failure, and continues:

The consciousness that the fight was forced upon us accomplished wonders. Political conflict of opinion became silent, old opponents began to understand and esteem one another, the spirit of true comradeship governed the entire people. Full of gratitude we can say to-day that God was with us. The enemy armies who boasted that they would enter Berlin in a few months are with heavy blows driven back far east and west.

After attributing to God's assistance the success of the German arms, he firmly expresses his conviction that "no violation of international laws by our enemies" will be able to shake the economic foundations of the country, and then concludes:

Great trials make the nations reverent and firm of heart. In heroic action we suffer and work without wavering until peace comes; peace which offers us the necessary military and political economies and guarantees for a future in which the conditions for the unhindered development of our productive energy at home and on the free seas shall be fulfilled.

So he hopes the German nation may be found "worthy of victory before God, who, we pray, may henceforth bless our arms."

**Ireland.**—Mr. J. L. Fawsitt, Secretary of the Cork Industrial Development Association, in his fourth lecture delivered at the Irish Industries Exhibition in New York,

took up the minor industries that are contributing to present-day prosperity in Ireland.

*Minor Industries*

Corn-grinding mills have been reopened, and woolen factories have been established for the manufacture of tweeds. Idle mills that travelers in the past have commented upon, have been given a new lease of usefulness as up-to-date woolen factories. Within the last decade there has been a revival of the Irish flour milling industry, and practically the entire retail flour trade is in Irish hands, employing 5,000 people. Each year witnesses an increase in the output of Irish biscuits, and in 1913 more than \$2,500,000 were derived from the foreign sale of home-made biscuits. The 1911 "Census of Production" numbered 10,000 people in the bread and biscuit trades. In 1913 the value of Ireland's exported yeast amounted to over \$1,500,000. Within recent years there has been a rapid development in export of condensed milk, cream and cheese; some \$2,200,000 represented the value of exports in these three commodities in the year 1913. Cork exported the greatest amount of margarine in the same year, when the total export value of this product amounted to \$750,000. In the boot and shoe industry Cork is in the lead, one factory employing 300 hands and turning out weekly 30,000 pairs of boots. The other factories in different parts of the Island employ between them more than 3,000 hands. The weak point in this industry lies in the entire dependence of the manufacturer on foreign markets for raw materials. The strange fact is that Ireland exports hides, and then buys them back as leather. Large modern factories exist in many parts of the country for the production of fertilizers, the foreign trade of 1913 in this industry rating at \$1,000,000. Soap and candle factories are thriving in the land, bringing a foreign trade valued at \$165,000 annually. This is a remarkable showing, as competition with English firms is lively, solicitors from across the Channel going to the extent of a door-to-door canvass for their wares. There are also well-established factories for other household commodities, such as starch, blue, borax, matches, brushes, brooms, polishes, furniture, etc., in all the important centers. As for articles of dress, lace still gives large employment throughout rural Ireland, and poplin weaving has been revived, while carpet and silk weaving, toy-making, etc., find solid footing on sound commercial lines. The industrial progress made since 1903 is remarkable; in that year conditions seemed hopeless; now there is promise that Ireland's trade is on too firm a basis to be destroyed by ruthless hands. The revival of interest in all that relates to Irish activities has been very effective in the economic field.

**Mexico.**—Conditions are as ever diabolical. Following the appeal of the foreign colony in Mexico City to our President for help came various despatches and letters



*Hunger,  
A Letter*

which confirmed the very worst reports. People are starving by the thousands, and the Chiefs seem glad of it. Some idea of the misery that obtains may be had from this abstract from a communication sent to Mr. Potter, of New York, from a special Red Cross representative in Mexico City.

I had an opportunity to see the "blood line." The blood which was formerly converted into fertilizer is now given away to the poor. I found a crowd of about 2,500 women and children waiting in line with jars, buckets, pails, tin cans, bottles, and various other receptacles. At one time those on the end of the line, fearing there would be none left for them, rushed to the front of the line in spite of the police and other crowds and fought for better places. Of the 2,500 in line only about 900 could be served. All the different animals of the city are brought to the slaughter house and converted into fertilizers. Lately it has been noticed that when the carcasses of the horses reach the plant nine-tenths of the flesh has been stripped off by the famished people.

This needs no elaboration. The letter printed below is the first of a series promised by a gentleman for whose knowledge and probity the editor of AMERICA stands sponsor:

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

Owing to the interest which you have taken in Mexican affairs, and with the intention of furnishing you with such data as may perhaps direct your judgments, I shall here give you my impressions on the condition of my unhappy country. No one will be able, I think, to call these impressions unfounded. For the events on which they are founded I have, so to say, touched with my own hand. In many of them I have taken an active and, perhaps, no insignificant share. None of the facts go much beyond the month of June, when I left the capital of the Republic.

Political convictions and ideals? If by this we mean the influence which a political party exercises over public opinion and the more salient acts of its administration, no one party can be said to prevail to-day in the capital of Mexico. Carranzistas, Villistas, Zapatistas, and in general the entire revolutionary party are absolutely without credit and prestige. The men of sense and judgment, who in the beginning followed the standard of the revolutionary party, have been completely disillusioned. Those who later on centered their hopes on Villa, led to do so by his Aguascalientes manifesto, and disgusted by the outrages committed in the capital by Carranza, soon abandoned their idol, when face to face with the murders of Berlanga, the robberies of Garcia, and the immoralities in which the lawless followers of Villa indulged. It is a notorious fact that the last named had the effrontery to go in person, in broad daylight, escorted by a band of his henchmen, to carry off by violence a woman employed in the Palacio Hotel. The intended victim, however, was boldly and, thank God, successfully protected against these criminal designs by the noble French lady then at the head of the establishment. With their hopes thus deceived, and their dreams vanishing, many turned their eyes to Zapata, the brigand of the South, misled by the fact that his soldiers bore on their sombreros images and medals of the Saints and of Our Lady of Guadalupe. But from April to June everyone had plenty of opportunities to realize that Zapata was as much of a brigand as the other two, perhaps even more so. All these adventurers have one common bond of union, the most repulsive and diabolical hypocrisy. When

Zapata entered the capital, after the city had been evacuated by Obregon, the Zapatista general who led the vanguard traversed the streets, carrying in his hands the banner of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and on his arrival at the Palace, hoisted it on one of the more prominent galleries of the building. Now the man who did this, the truly Catholic general, who had thus unfurled the banner of Our Lady, did not hesitate some time before to hang up by the thumbs a poor parish priest of Puebla, to torture him in the most barbarous manner, and finally to put him to death, and for this one reason, that he was a priest. The followers of Zapata, like those of Villa and Carranza, took possession of the houses and mansions which victory threw in their way, with this special recommendation to their credit, that they sacked and plundered those which the former had respected. They shocked society and decency by parading the streets in costly and luxurious automobiles, accompanied by loose women. Their license knew no bounds; robbery and murder followed in their steps. In Tacubaya one of Zapata's followers, for no reason whatever, killed Francisco Bustillos, one of the best known and most respected druggists of the city. The capital can never forget the attack on the Hotel Lascorain. At ten o'clock in the morning, the troops under Bandera attempted to shoot and murder President Gonzales Garza. More than forty innocent bystanders fell in the riot. Their lawlessness and greed reached such bounds that the soldiers flung away their uniforms, and thus prepared for their odious masquerade, they poured into the streets at night to rob and plunder the passers-by. A very persistent rumor still prevails that the assailants of the German Chargé d'Affaires, who was seriously wounded by a band of ruffians, were Zapatista soldiers. I am personally acquainted with several families shamefully robbed and insulted by these men. Platoons of these lawless soldiers entered their homes in broad daylight, respecting neither age nor sex, insulting noble ladies, endangering health and life, when they did not go to further excesses. Thus you can easily understand that the influence which these men exercise over public opinion is not only evil, but absolutely opposed to the revolutionary ideas which they profess. On this point, perhaps, I have said too much. In my following letters I shall again touch on these and other topics, in order that the American people may become fully acquainted with the dreadful evils which now afflict the Mexican Republic.

A. COROLLA.

**Rome.**—The appeal of His Holiness, Benedict XV, to the belligerent nations, as cabled to the United States, is as follows:

*The Pope's Letter,  
Comments*

When we were called to succeed to the apostolic throne of Pope Pius X, whose upright and exemplary life was brought to an end by the fratricidal struggle which broke out in Europe, we, too, felt, after gazing fearfully upon the bloody battlefield, the despair of a father who witnesses his home torn asunder and ravaged by a furious tempest. We thought with inexpressible sorrow of our young sons cut down by death; we felt in our heart, enlarged by Christian charity, the great unspeakable sadness of mothers and of wives made widows before their time, and the tears of children deprived too soon of parental guidance. Participating in our soul in the fear and anguish of innumerable families, and well knowing the imperial duties imposed upon us by the mission of peace and love with which we have been confided during these sad days, we adopted a firm resolve to concentrate our whole activity and all our power to the reconciliation of the peoples at war. We made a solemn promise to our Divine Father, who wished with the price of His blood to make all men brothers. Words of peace and love were the first that we addressed to the nations and their chiefs as the supreme

guardian of their souls. Our affectionate and insistent counsels as father and friend were not heard. This increased our sadness, but did not shake our resolution. We continue with confidence to appeal to the All-powerful, who holds in His hands the minds and hearts of subjects as well as Kings, imploring Him to end the great scourge. In our humble but ardent prayer we wish to include all the faithful and, to make it more effective, we have taken care that it be accompanied by works of Christian penitence.

To-day, on the sad anniversary of the terrible conflict, our heart sends forth the wish that the war will soon end. We raise again our voice to utter a fatherly cry for peace. May this cry, dominating the frightful noise of arms, reach the warring peoples and their chiefs and induce kindly and more serene intentions. In the name of the Lord God, in the name of the Father and Lord in heaven, in the name of the blessed Blood of Jesus, the price of the redemption of humanity, we implore the belligerent nations, before Divine Providence, henceforth to end the horrible carnage, which for a year has been dishonoring Europe. This is the blood of brothers that is being shed on land and sea. The most beautiful regions of Europe, this garden of the world, are sown with corpses and ruins. There, where recently fields and factories thrived, cannon now roar in a frightful manner, in a frenzy of demolitions, sparing neither cities nor villages, and spreading the ravages of death. You who before God and men are charged with the grave responsibility of peace and war, listen to our prayer, listen to the fatherly voice of the vicar of the eternal and supreme Judge to whom you should give account of your public works as well as private actions. The abundant riches which the creating God has given to your lands permit you to continue the contest. But at what a price! Such the answer of thousands of the young whose lives are lost each day on the battlefields, and of the ruins of so many cities and villages, of so many monuments, due to the piety and genius of our forefathers. The bitter tears which flow in the sanctity of homes and at the foot of altars, do they not also repeat that the price of the continuation of the contest is great, too great? And it can not be said that the immense conflict can not be ended without violence of arms. May this craze for destruction be abandoned; nations do not perish. Humiliated and oppressed, they tremblingly carry the yoke imposed on them and prepare their revenge, transmitting from generation to generation a sorrowful heritage of hate and vengeance. Why not now weigh with serene conscience the rights and just aspirations of the peoples? Why not start with good will, a direct or indirect exchange of views with the object of considering as far as possible these rights and aspirations, and thus put to an end the terrible combat, as has been the case previously under similar circumstances?

Blessed be he who first extends the olive branch and tenders his hand to the enemy in offering reasonable condition of peace. The equilibrium of world progress and the security and tranquillity of nations repose on mutual well-being and respect of the right and dignity of others more than on the number of armies and a formidable zone of fortresses. It is the cry of peace which issues from our soul this sad day and which invites the true friends of peace in the world to extend their hands to hasten the end of a war which for a year has transformed Europe into an enormous battlefield. May Jesus in His pity, by the intermediation of the Mother of Sorrows, end the terrible tempest and cause to arise a radiant dawn and the quietude of peace formed in His own divine image. May hymns of thanks to the Most High Author of all good things soon resound! Let us hope for the reconciliation of the States; may the people once again become brothers and return to their peaceful labor in arts, learning, and industry; may once again the empire of justice be established; may the people decide henceforth to confine the solution of their differences no longer to the sword, but to courts of justice and equity, where the questions may be

studied with necessary calm and thought. This will be the most beautiful and glorious victory. In confidence that the tree of peace will soon allow the world to enjoy again its fruits which are so much to be desired, we bestow our apostolic benediction upon all those who are part of the mystic flock which is confided to our keeping, even also upon those who do not yet belong to the Roman Church. We pray the Heavenly Father to unite Himself to us by bonds of perfect charity.

Up to the present the comments of the press of the warring countries give little hope that this Christian appeal will be heard. The *Westminster Gazette* speaks of the "implication of the Pope that we are all equally involved in a fratricidal struggle, and that all in equal degree are responsible for the origin and outcome of the strife," and then remarks:

We had no choice in the matter in August, 1914, and we have no choice in the matter now. . . . There is no conceivable arranging of aspirations which will meet our view short of an issue which will make a repetition of these events impossible in the future.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* proclaims that "until victory definitely rests on the banner of our alliance, the Pope's wish can not be realized without the deepest wrong to the cause of right and liberty and peace itself." The *Frankfurter Zeitung* published the full text of the Pope's appeal and then remarked that the Italian press emphatically rejected the proposal. The Italian papers commend the Pontiff's ardent desire for peace but hold out no hope. *Il Secolo* says:

"It is useless to speak of rights and just aspirations, as the Germans do not understand. They know only the arguments of force, with which they must themselves be thrown back within their frontiers and reduced to impotence."

The Paris *Temps* remarks editorially:

The last manifesto of the Holy Father is unlikely to effect any change. It shows only that the Vatican does not yet understand. The Pope divides paternal love equally between the victims and the aggressors and urges them to be reconciled, but the victims are not willing to be put on equality with those who massacre.

Officials of Great Britain and Russia, commenting on the war itself, offer less hope of cessation of hostilities. Asquith remarks that: "The question to-day is not of our hopes or our calculations, but our duties. Our duty, which we shall fulfil, is to continue to the end in the course which we have chosen and to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace." Sir Edward Grey states that "the United Kingdom and the entire Empire, together with their gallant Allies, have never been more determined than they are to-day to prosecute the war to a successful issue which will result in honorable and enduring peace based on liberty and not burdensome militarism." The Russian Minister of War supplements this by stating: "The enemy is strong and cruel, and that is the very reason why Russia and her heroic Allies must continue the war, should it last for several years, until the enemy is crushed."



## TOPICS OF INTEREST

## Pan-Americanism and the Church

NOW that Europe is so enveloped in war-clouds that it looks considerably less lucrative to our merchants, they are eagerly turning their business eye to South America. The Continent which has been more or less snubbed by Northern enterprise, is at present our great objective. Commercial necessity has at last opened up to our vision the vast possibilities that stretch thousands of miles south of Panama, and bids us take advantage.

To admit that the desire for dollars alone is bringing us into articulation with our Southern neighbors would be honest, but also crude. Our more delicate-toned speakers and writers prefer to talk of "Pan-American sentiment," "cooperation in a common destiny," and so on. Thus is a fetching tinge of the idealistic furnished to a project of moral hemispheric unity whose motive is essentially and crassly materialistic.

Perhaps we should feel far less smug and complacent with ourselves if we would candidly confess that the interests of South America signify nothing to us, except in so far as they might further our own interests. Profit is our primary consideration; Pan-Americanism the secondary. But, in that Pan-Americanism is capable of producing profit, we are sedulously thinking of ways and means for its attainment, and, in the striving, are deluding ourselves with the acceptable belief that the desire for it is our prime animation. A trifle humorous it surely is that this noble Pan-American sentiment never received very notable attention from us until war blocked the ports of Europe. One is hardly *ultra* in wagering that, if commerce could be fully renewed with the belligerents tomorrow morning, Pan-Americanism would be forgotten tomorrow afternoon. Be that as it may, we are now exploiting this captious slogan with a vengeance.

But our enthusiasm is receiving set-backs. South America waxes so different from North America that the prospect of their ever meeting on a common basis is, at best, dim. Our Southern neighbors have a government, a church-régime, and a social ambition decidedly divergent from ours. Their affinities are with the Latin countries from which they received their first settlers, not with the United States. In a word, they are intrinsically Catholic. Thus their Catholicism, being something of an obstacle to North American scheming, comes in for a full quota of North American strictures.

But certainly, if we wish to ingratiate our neighbors, we are beginning badly by maligning their "medieval church." To censure their creed is to stir up their resentment and distrust: to do this is to frustrate our own hopes and plans. These sons of Rome are not fond of hearing their Mother abused. If we desire their trade, we had better leave an uncomplimentary discussion of their religion out of the matter. We can carry on commerce

just as well with Catholic countries as with Protestant or indifferent countries. If indeed we desired to bind them to us with ties stronger than the merely commercial, religious incompatibilities would likely prove a real difficulty. But there are no reasons why we should want them to be extremely intimate with us, except trade reasons; and we can trade with them, without being one in thought with them.

Perchance a truly Pan-American spirit would somewhat further and strengthen our business relations with South America; assuredly an anti-Catholic attitude on the part of our country would sever them. Let not the idea of a paltry pecuniary increment stultify our mercantile brain. Must the platitude be repeated that "half a loaf is better than no bread?"

Too, there is question of our right to look for South Americans to be similar to us in civil and social institutions and aspirations. When we say "Pan-American," we mean "like unto the United States." By what authority? South America is a distinct continent, with distinct political and religious ideals. There is no more cogent reason to expect it to be like our country, or to deplore the fact that it is not so, than to desiderate unity with Europe or to deprecate the absence thereof. South America is no more to us than is Africa to England. Hence it is irritating to the thinking mind to reflect on the diatribes which our writers and speakers are passing on the Church to which our Southern brothers pay fealty. In parlance unadorned, we ought to mind our own business. We don't and won't. Consequently, we are rendering ourselves not only odious to South America, but ludicrous to the critical world. For instance, the opinion is prevalent among us that South America, chained to the Rock of Peter, has been unable to progress duly. Yet it has actually progressed so far, that we are striving with all our might and main to secure its wonderful trade. Thus is our action falsifying and ridiculing our belief. Is it not time for us to permit intelligence to supersede prejudice, and concede that the Catholic Church, although it always essays to stem excess, is not a stayer of material progress?

Yet the conceit that it is such runs through no less a brilliant and otherwise illuminating new book than that of Edward A. Ross, Professor of the University of Wisconsin. The work, entitled "South of Panama," does not attribute all the blame of South America's alleged stand-still to the "bug-bear of the Roman Catholic Church"; it broadly takes into consideration such unfortunately influential circumstances as comparative paucity of white settlers, easy and tyrannical dominion of the Caucasian few over the native many, consequent caste-system, and so forth. The logical outcome of these potencies has been immoderate authoritativeness in Church and State. It will be some time, wistfully opines the Professor, before the forces of industry, democracy, and science transform the thirteenth-century character of these southern countries.

If such is so, South America ought to be congratulated. In medieval times, men were certain of their supper in our own great day and country of vaunted social and civic superiority, half our people are sure to be without it. It might help our economists and perfervid socialists to realize that the pinch of poverty hurts far less below Panama than above. For the Church has always stood for justice; justice has always stood for full stomachs; and South America has always stood for the Church.

If, over and above the spiritual and material good which have been accomplished by ecclesiastical power in tropical America, moral and social evil abound, let us not commit the fallacy and folly of attributing the evil to what has produced the good. Professor Ross is just enough to point out that sundry agencies have checked the progress of the Southland; but he is unjust enough not to exclude the Church from his enumeration. This is deplorable; but we may give him some credence when he declares that climate, race and social history, "three great lords of humanity," militate against the prevalence of virtue and character in South America. The hot temperature of the equatorial districts has done damage to the morals of the people; without the Church, however, there would be no morals to do damage to; license would be the rule.

As for the uncouth races that people South America, Professor Ross himself demonstrates that they vastly outnumber the Latin settlers; and yet the comparative handful of whites, strong with the strength which the True Faith gives, has succeeded in moulding these millions into a civilization which is daily becoming more perfect. The Church is duplicating in this Southern continent the sparkling feat which she achieved when, centuries ago, she conquered by mildness the hordes that conquered Europe by might. The Church has amply proved her efficiency by what she has already done in South America; not her inefficiency by what is yet to be done. Her critics love to leave time out of their calculations: yet everybody knows that gradual progress alone is sound.

Let her bitter reviewers remember that she did not kill, but cultivated the native South Americans; let them not forget that here in the United States, we did not cultivate, but killed the native North Americans. We banished the Indian problem by aid of rapine and murder; the Church nobly faced and is solving it with the weapons of Christ. To her is glory; to us, shame. Nevertheless, we give ourselves to glory: we pelt the Church with obloquy. If we can not be fair-minded enough to praise, might we not at least be sensible enough to be silent? If our country is rich in achievement, let us temper our pride with a thought or two for the race we slew. While we have stripped ourselves clean of all hampering duties toward a savage people, the Church of South America has burdened herself with their care. She has tenderly fostered and tutored the barbarian heart and mind to a degree which gives good hope that, in the not too dis-

tant future, they will compare with and even surpass our own. Should we, whose hands are reeking with Indian blood and whose national character is obviously decadent, point a finger of scorn? With much more appropriateness might South America speak of Pan-Americanism than we; for there native Americans still flourish, here they have long since vanished. The original America lies below Panama, not above. And it is the Church that has conserved this original America; changing it only with the golden touch of true civilization and the progress that endures.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

### By Order of Darwin

MANY may recall with a smile Huxley's brilliant introduction to one of his volumes of essays, wherein he explains how he came to appear before the world as the antagonist of the traditional religion of his fellow-countrymen. He started out, he tells us, with no particular bias against that or any other religion, but with a simple desire to investigate certain facts of the visible universe. But, wherever he went in his tour of investigation, as he puts it with characteristic picturesqueness and humor, he found his path barred by notice-boards bearing the inscription, "No Thoroughfare; by Order of Moses."

Those notice-boards have to a great extent disappeared. Controversialists now recognize that many objections once urged with vehemence against science from the Mosaic books have little or no value. But it must not be supposed that the paths are therefore more free than formerly. A new set of notice-boards has appeared, of an equally minatory character. And *their* inscription runs: "No Thoroughfare; by Order of Darwin."

I have a particular case in mind. Some time ago a London paper printed a very entertaining and sensible article on the subject of the human skull, found some two years since in Sussex. In the course of this article the writer remarked that as far as history went back we found nothing but a record of high civilization and barbarism existing side by side as they do to-day.

The observation seems harmless enough; but assuredly no curate in the sixties was ever more shocked at Darwin than many pious Darwinians seem to have been at the blasphemous temerity of the writer. Among those whose feelings were most deeply wounded was that ardent free-thinker, Mr. Robert Blatchford. In an impassioned article in his paper, the *Clarion*, he rebuked the unfortunate daily paper for admitting articles "throwing contempt on science," accused it of secretly encouraging priestcraft and superstition, and demanded, in tones which recall an Elizabethan priest hunter smelling out a Papist, that the accused should make a public confession as to whether he accepts the plenary infallibility of the "Origin of Species" or not.

Now I submit that that is not the question. The



writer in the London paper did not say he disbelieved in the "Origin of Species," though, really, as a free man, he had as much right to do so as Mr. Blatchford has to disbelieve in the Bible. But he did not say this, nor was he bound to answer Mr. Blatchford's interrogatories. After all, we are as much entitled to be agnostic as to biology as he is to be agnostic as to religion. What he did was to put forward a plain statement of fact, with which, if it be true, any theory of human origins must reconcile itself. And at the risk of being summoned to the bar of the *Clarion* to purge my heresy, I shall venture, as a preliminary to any discussion as to whether the above statement can be reconciled with the infallible authority of Darwin, to ask, as Huxley would have asked, whether the statement is itself true.

Well, it is true; absolutely and irrefragably true. As far as history takes us back, and in Egypt, in China, in Assyria, and elsewhere it takes us back a good way, we have nothing but the records of very elaborate civilizations surrounded by more or less barbarous neighbors. These civilizations wax and wane; the civilized area expands and contracts; but in every historic age the contrast is to be found. As to prehistoric man, well, he is prehistoric, which means that we know nothing about his history; though we know that he, or "some of him," was an excellent draughtsman, to judge by the bison I have seen in those caves in southern France.

But that is not all. The observation may be carried a little further. Not only have we no historical record of an age in which there were no civilized men, but we have no historic record of any men whatsoever doing what, according to the progressive evolution theory, all men who have attained to any degree of civilization must at some time or other have done. I mean that we have no record of any people "progressing" by its own activities from barbarism to civilization. There are plenty of instances of a civilized nation imposing its civilization on barbarians. There are some instances of barbarians borrowing from a civilized neighbor. But, as far as I know, there is no single instance of savages becoming civilized without foreign intervention. To take a concrete case, there can, I suppose, be no doubt that a Briton of the year 200 A. D. was a more civilized person than a Briton of the year 60 B. C. But is there the smallest reason to suppose that the Briton of 60 B. C. was more civilized than the Briton of 200 B. C., or, for the matter of that, of 2000 B. C.? So far as I know, there is none.

Finally, do we find in the legends of any people, civilized or barbaric, the tradition of any process as I have described. Do any of them speak, if only vaguely and distortedly, of their emergence from darkness into light, from savagery into civilization. On the contrary, what they all say in one chorus is that their forebears were much stronger, wiser, and more virtuous than themselves. Not once do we find them saying: "We were once savages, hunting and fishing with rude implements, but, as the time went on, we learned how to tame animals,

how to sow crops, how to build in stone, and so we became civilized men." What they *do* say with one accord is: "We can not build such temples and palaces as our fathers built, we can not sing such songs as they sang, we can not frame such weapons as they used: we have lost the secret of their art."

So much for the evidence.

Now, if in the face of this evidence anybody chooses to say: "I have a theory of the universe which seems to me to fit the facts better than any other; for the completeness of that theory the assumption is necessary that at sometime or other men became wholly barbaric—were indeed half bestial," I have this to say to it: the hypothesis has proved attractive to some great intellects, to Lucretius, for instance; but the framer of the hypothesis is certainly not entitled to call such unwarranted speculations and personal preferences "Science."

CECIL CHESTERTON.

### Good Qualities of the Catholic Press

SOMETIME since AMERICA announced the close of the discussion of the question of establishment of a Catholic daily newspaper. The announcement was timely and appropriate. The discussion was in the nature of a planting. The harvest is for the future. In its announcement of the closing of the discussion AMERICA added this most wholesome, though disagreeable, truth in speaking of the Catholic citizenship of the United States: "Our people are virtuous; they are generous and quick to responds to appeals. They have made astounding sacrifices to build and support churches and schools; they are helping missionary societies at home and abroad; they are doing little or nothing for the Catholic press."

That has reference to an excellent existing press—the Catholic weeklies of the land—a press not appreciated as it richly deserves to be appreciated and not supported, nor even read, as its deserves to be. If it were read, it would be better appreciated; its publishers and its editors would be brought into closer touch with their respective constituencies and religion and morality would be more deeply, more rightly and more holdingly appreciated. AMERICA continues: "Somewhere there rests the great responsibility of arousing the people to the necessity of a strong Catholic press which knows no fear except of God alone. In this there is safety for the present and hope for the future."

I may not quote further from the editorial for there is mention of the possible Catholic daily—and the discussion of that question is closed. The ultimate *finis* has not, however, been written. There is to-day a strong Catholic press in the United States; a press which is strong, notwithstanding the struggles of editor and publisher to make both ends meet, and which would be stronger, in quick time, if elements on which the press depends for success did that which lies to their hands to do. I refer to the laity and to the pulpit. It is true that

the Catholic press does not confine itself to the modern fad of "the uplift and the betterment of man" as social agencies and other destructive agencies insist must be done. The Catholic press of to-day holds, and follows, the fundamental good quality of acknowledging the dependence of man upon Almighty God, and holds fast to the doctrine that without God—banished by social agencies and public schools—man is valueless. Is that fundamentally good quality rightly appreciated by the laity? Is it, in fact, rightly appreciated by the pulpit?

As to the good quality mentioned, the enduring quality, there is neither pulpit nor layman who will not instantly and cordially admit its existence in the Catholic press of to-day. But these are the days of rush and crush and "get there," and very often, the existence of the good quality is forgotten. There is to-day in the United States a press for which AMERICA hopes and to which it will bend its efforts to bring to fullest accomplishment. AMERICA asks for a strong Catholic press which will know no fear "except of God alone." The strength and the good qualities of the existing Catholic press come from the very fact that its editors in the conduct of their papers work on that principle: "No fear, save that of God alone." That principle needs to be hammered into the heads of many Catholics of the land and in the work of impressing it on the minds of the laity, and giving it a fixed and abiding place in their hearts, the Catholic press of to-day is doing that which it should do and doing it continuously. Is it ably done? It is, at least, done in all sincerity of purpose and when the happy day of co-operation between laity and clergy on the one hand and the Catholic press on the other, dawns over the land, the Catholic press will be a stronger press. The reason is obvious. It will have right support, sympathetically, morally and—pardon the necessary suggestion—financially. Asking the good qualities of the Catholic press, does the questioner overlook the fact that able writers are entitled to reasonable compensation, as the printers, the copy boys, the pressmen and the employees are entitled?

The case of the good qualities of the existing Catholic press might well rest on the impregnable statement of its abiding by the fundamental principle of fearing none but God and blessing His Holy Name! But the Catholic press has other good qualities. It is clean; it is kindly; it is charitable; it is wholesome—and when that quality is added there may come a protest from North, or South or East or West from the man who is "progressive," as the fad is to-day, and who forgets that Faith is eternal, as it was in the beginning and as it will be unto the end. "It isn't newsy" is another objection urged against the struggling Catholic press and, possibly, it is not. But if objectors would take the trouble to subscribe for their local Catholic paper; to give an advertisement as occasional demands; to encourage it; to be fearless concerning it; to let it lie open on their desks or tables in home or office, instead of throwing it unread into the waste basket,

the Catholic press would improve in all right directions. It would have stories of right fiction, with news of home and foreign lands, with better correspondence, or greater correspondence, and with interesting features making it equal, from the human standpoint, to any religious paper of any one or other of the denominations of Protestantism.

The Catholic editor is human and he knows his constituency is human. But he knows and appreciates his first duty of fidelity to God, to fear none but Him. He knows also, and sadly appreciates the fact, that the features which the objector to the Catholic press of to-day desires are beyond his means. And why? Because of lack of support to which he and his publication are entitled and which he would give if the Grand Army of "Knockers" would take second and continuous thought and give to the Catholic editor the support the laity of Protestantism gives to religious papers of their particular denomination.

The good qualities of the existing—the weekly—Catholic papers? They are abundant; they are clean; they are based on charity; they are kindly; they publish no slanders against laity or clergy of the faiths of Protestantism; and they give no aid to malice. They are not so attractive in outward appearance, in very many instances, as the papers of other denominations. Neither are they supported as papers of other denominations are supported. "Come Rack; come Rope," they abide in the Faith once delivered to the Saints. Their failures are not their own, as a rule; their failures come from an indifference in the laity and too often in the ranks of the clergy.

The daily paper discussion is closed in the columns of AMERICA, and rightly closed. The question was fully and fairly presented and it is not a dead question—with apologies to AMERICA for treading on the dangerous ground of another opening. The present paper is with the press that is with us. The Catholic press, not rich in the goods of this world, but rich in cleanliness, charity, purity of thought and expression; Catholic in religion; American in loyalty to the Government of the United States, and holding fast to the impregnable, the fundamental, the Christian principle of fearing naught but God! All honor to the Catholic press! It could be bettered, undoubtedly, and when laity and pulpit do that which lies to their hands to do, the Catholic press will be bettered as an institution for the distribution of news that is news, accurately gathered, effectively presented and commented on in the spirit of charity which thinketh no evil.

LAURIE J. BLAKELY.

#### Genesis and Woman's Rights

WOMAN'S dignity and woman's rights are nowhere more perfectly established than in Holy Scripture. But the sacred writings speak of duties no less than



of prerogatives, of submission to authority no less than of claims to respect and affection. The book of Genesis has thus become the first great stumbling block in the way of those who imagine that only in woman's complete and absolute independence of man, under every aspect of life, must be sought the right and glory of her sex. The doctrine thus stated has been widely popularized by modern socialism and the rationalistic press of our day, until it is almost accepted as an axiom in a great portion of the feminist literature which now abounds.

Foolishly fearing the truth, which alone can make them free, its advocates have eagerly enslaved themselves to the most debasing of the countless passing errors of our time. In the material evolution of human beings from the beasts of prey that prowled about through the primeval forests, they find the logical argument of their contentions. If, despite science and revelation, this favorite delusion be admitted, there is indeed no reason why woman should submit under any circumstances to even the least dominion of man. He is but the stronger brute who holds his mate in physical oppression. The grandeur with which a Divine Redeemer invested the very virtues which woman is called upon to practise at once loses all its significance. Subjection, of whatever kind, instantly becomes a disgraceful badge of servitude. Even the tender solicitude wherewith Infinite Love safeguards woman's position in God's Church becomes a mockery.

But there is a corollary to this doctrine which the worldly wise may overlook for the present moment. If in the name of a common brute origin woman proclaims her absolute independence of man under every aspect of life, man too will soon learn to draw his own deductions from the self-same principles. If he regards himself but as the highly developed brute, glorified by modern rationalism, he will before very long consistently come to act his part. Thus he has ever done where paganism was supreme, whether in cultured Greece or in the forests of pre-Columbian America. The golden matriarchate, so glowingly described in socialist philosophy and rationalistic feminist literature, is only an evanescent dream without a shadow of historic evidence, a myth and no reality. The degradation and oppression of woman from which Christianity rescued her would again return if Christianity were forgotten and with it the lessons it has taught the world.

How different the position of woman, when from the errors of a rejected pseudo-science we turn to the infallible truth of the word of God; when from the hideous fable of that mythical monstrosity, the low-browed, hairy, simian creature, with a slowly-rising intelligence almost entirely submerged in bestiality, we revert to the inspired record of the first pages of authentic human history! "And God created man to His own image: to the image of God He created him: male and female He created them." In vain has modern materialism sought to break a breach into the unshaken account of the first

chapters of Genesis, confirmed by all the certain testimonies of science that stand above the realm of mere hypothesis.

Woman, in common with man, is decreed from eternity by the Most Blessed Trinity. Upon her soul is set the likeness of the Divinity, the image of God, limned in those marvelous gifts of spirituality and immortality, of intelligence combined with freedom of will and of dominion over all other visible creation on the face of the earth. Her very body, in its upright posture lifted toward heaven, its speech interpretative of mind and will, its features mirroring the beauty of the spirit, bears wonderfully impressed upon it the finger-prints of the Almighty Maker. Woman no less than man is the work of Infinite Power, Wisdom, and Love. Together they were placed in an Eden of delight with the divine blessing upon them: "Increase and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it, and rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures that move upon the earth." In her God's work of creation was completed.

Here, therefore, is the first source of woman's dignity, the first article in the charter of her rights. Man may not dare to consider her without regarding in her, with the eyes of Faith, the image of the Creator. It is the likeness of God that is dishonored in every act of disrespect toward her; the image of the Eternal that is spurned and insulted in every degradation inflicted upon her; the effigy of the Almighty, designed, and fashioned, and made instinct with life by Him, that is lowered from its high pedestal and dragged into the dust by every deed of man's passion, cruelty and selfishness. For lesser insults to their majesty earthly monarchs would not fail to inflict signal punishments, nor is the King of kings alone to be outraged with impunity in that human likeness of Himself. If woman is the "weaker vessel," she is, therefore, to be honored with a more religious care. A deep respect for womanhood is a characteristic and a test of all true Christianity.

Consideration has so far been given only to the natural likeness of God impressed upon His human creatures. Nothing more seems to be referred to in those words of the Most Holy Trinity: "Let us make man to our image and likeness." It is by virtue of this natural likeness of the Creator that dominion is given to Adam and Eve over all other living creatures that move upon the earth; for the word "man" is here used collectively, as the transition from the singular to the plural shows: "And God created man to His own image: to the image of God He created him: male and female He created them." But there is furthermore a *supernatural* likeness of God imprinted upon the soul of man and woman through sanctifying grace. The Spirit of God Himself comes to dwell within them and they are lifted far above their mere natural condition, elevated as it already is above all other visible creation. They are made, in a certain sense, "partakers of the divine nature." These words might,

indeed, seem too daring for mortal lips to speak, yet Holy Scripture uses them, and our Lord Himself reminds the Jews of the Psalmist's inspired exclamation when He asks: "Is it not written in your law: *I said you are gods?*"

Here, therefore, are the two pictures for woman to contemplate: the image of the simian brute, so aptly chosen, and the image of the ineffable God. Brutes or gods! To drag men down to the level of the former has been the final accomplishment of modern materialism, "for professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." To lift men up ever more closely to the likeness of God and to perfect in them, day by day, His supernatural image, till they are at last eternally united with Him in the Vision of His glory, face to face, is the certain promise and achievement of Christianity. Which, therefore, will woman choose: materialism or Christianity, fable or infallible truth, the likeness of the brute or the image of God?

Only the first chapter of Genesis has thus far been alluded to here. But much of profound importance toward a solution of the woman question is contained in the details which follow. Special consideration shall therefore be devoted to them in a subsequent article.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

#### Count Zeppelin Awakens London's Conscience

**A**MID all the solemn pomp of a truly English trial George Joseph Smith was sentenced by Mr. Justice Scrutton at the Old Bailey court house "to be hanged by the neck until he be dead." Smith was a bigamist and murderer, who added a new method to the sordid instruments of crime. His was known as the "Brides in the Bath" case because he brutally killed three women, his wives, by drowning them in their baths. His object was to obtain insurance and other moneys.

By this time Smith has rendered what earthly expiation he could for his outrages against the laws of God and man. His corpse has been consumed by the lime, according to English tradition. However, his case served to bring about a remark from the presiding judge which forms the basis for interesting reflection:

Since last August, he said to the jury, all over Europe, sometimes in England, sometimes on the sea, thousands of lives of combatants, and sometimes non-combatants, have been taken daily with no warning, and in many cases with no justification.

Yet while this wholesale destruction of human life is going on, for nine days, with all the apparatus of justice in England, we have been considering whether the prosecution is right in saying that one man should die.

Doubtless England is not alone among the combatants in the smooth running of her "apparatus of justice." Germany and Austria have not yet complained of anarchy, neither has France, nor Russia. Let us hope, for the sake of common decency, that no country can produce a duplicate of Smith's brutality, although it is reasonable to suppose that one would not have to go very far south of Texas to find one. This crime of the "Bath murders" is the most revolting in English crime annals, standing out the more heinous because it occurs at a period when the British "apparatus of justice" has not been greatly troubled to dispose of malefactors.

Only a short year ago London newspapers could not possibly accommodate the long tale of evil-doing unwound daily in the

police courts. "Stories" that New York city editors would fight for as first page ornaments have been consigned, without regret, to omnivorous waste paper baskets by their London analogies, subeditors. One would naturally think that with the limited supply of war news through the official press bureau, an opportunity would occur for crime to march forth in Rooseveltian ubiquity and storm the columns of every page. It doesn't. Not because the columns are glutted with other news. There is simply not enough interesting crime being committed to warrant generous apportionment of space. Figures would be tedious, and, incidentally, very difficult to obtain. Yet anybody with a hazy knowledge of London's usual felony list, as placarded in police courts day by day in times of peace, must realize that this war has had one good effect: it has at least reduced legal sins.

Murder has never been quite as common a crime in London as in New York. The murderers of London—the metropolis has identical attributes with England as a whole—are more artistic than their trans-Atlantic compeers, as DeQuincey would say; but they are neither as numerous nor so bold as the New York man-killers. Legal murder in England has declined materially during the war, only two big cases being mooted in the last two months. This is undoubtedly a record. If a statistical comparison could be effected between the commission of crime during this time of war and the days of peace the number of general misdemeanors would be found to have been reduced in the same proportion as the number of capital offences.

While no English judge has enjoyed the experience, not too uncommon among judges of southern Ireland, of being presented with white gloves, as a symbol of crimelessness, the itineraries of the leading jurists emphasize the fact that war is chastening the British people. Even the over-advertized illegitimacy cases have been proved to be little, if any more than normal. Drunkenness, which has come to the fore recently as a hindrance to the manufacture of war munitions, is not a legal crime; you have to add its ally, disorderliness, before inviting arrest. The charges of drunkenness and disorderliness, known among police reporters as "double-d's" have been much fewer than formerly. Leniency towards the soldiers, who are notorious offenders in this direction, may account for the reduction; although the new men, being recruited from a better class than the brave but ribald trooper, are not so inclined to saloon solace. In addition is the consideration of restrictive license regulations which cut off three hours of "open-house" from 10 o'clock p. m. to 1 o'clock a. m., usually fruitful of excesses.

Crimes distinct from the convivial crimes, fighting, and so on, (and in regard to the *et cetera* it must be said that London is regaining shreds of conscience) are much less frequent. Larcenies have decreased, pickpocketing has declined to a degree that would distress Fagin; forgery, and other "refined" malefactions have decreased. Miracle of miracles, the newspapers are telling one hundred per cent. truth, for no important libel case has been heard against the press for a long time. In short, the special constables, taking the place of the regular policemen who are at the front, have very few arrests to make and less papers to serve, which is as well for their own sakes. Public offences thus diminished in the capital of the world, it is safe to conclude that private sins are likewise decreasing; Londoners are not more pious, they are less impious; their sense of fraternity and the uncertainty of earthly existence have increased. Germany has stimulated the conscience of Europe!

JOHN B. KENNEDY.

#### The Children of France and the War

**T**HE attitude of the children of France with regard to the war can only exist in a country that is invaded and partly held by the enemy. This fact brings the war before the minds even of children with a vividness that can not be



the same in other countries. Children are creatures of impulse, their impressions are necessarily fleeting, the awful mysteries of life and death, that press so closely round us at the present crisis can not be fathomed by their unformed minds, but the fact that, within some hundred miles, their fathers, brothers and friends are engaged in a deadly struggle is grasped by most of them keenly enough to influence their lives.

The Abbé E., who directs one of the most flourishing *Patronages* in Paris, has many associates on the line of fire and these boys, who yesterday were apprentices and workmen, are doing magnificently at the front. Their letters excite much interest among the little lads, whom their age keeps at home and who follow, with tremendous excitement, the career of their elders. In order to strengthen the links that bind together his boys, absent and present, the Abbé E. has had a genial inspiration. Each small boy adopts one of the elder associates who are fighting, writes to him, is interested in his experiences and, if possible, provides for his wants. The system works to perfection and is full of good results for both parties. The men at the front are pleased and grateful to be remembered, they write spirited letters to their little friends and unconsciously give them an example of patriotism and endurance that may happily mold their future lives. The little lads deprive themselves for the sake of "their" soldier of many delicacies: the *sous* that once bought chocolate are now carefully treasured to be expended for the fighting man, on whom the child's love and pride are centered. This, in itself, is excellent discipline; it teaches self-denial and generosity. Each little lad is so passionately interested in his soldier's welfare that if his letters are delayed the boy soon begins to despair; and if, as sometimes happens, the soldier is mortally wounded, the boy's sorrow knows no bounds. The Abbé E., meeting a small boy, who was crying violently, inquired the cause of his distress: "My soldier is wounded," sobbed the child.

In the Government schools for little girls the same system has been adopted as in the Abbé E.'s Catholic *Patronage*. These tiny children are keen to adopt a soldier and their mistresses favor their wish. To their "godson" are sent sweets, clothing, books, tobacco; the little girls learn self-denial and generosity, but they, too, can not endure that their "godson" should come to grief. "Give me a soldier who will not be killed," petitioned one very small child.

In return, the fighting men send their little friends letters that are sometimes singularly noble in tone and thought; if we remember that the writers are men of the people, we can not but be impressed by their delicately expressed gratitude. "What can I send you in return for so much kindness," wrote a Zouave from the wild district of the Vosges; "I am only a poor Zouave, I live underground or in the woods; around me there is nothing but iron and I can not send bits of iron to a little girl like you!" Then he goes on to say that he had discovered, that morning, a hedge of blackthorn in full bloom, not far from his trench; men had been mowed down, but the fragile white blossoms had weathered the storm. Creeping out of the trench, the Zouave crawled to the hedge, cut off a big branch, packed it up as best he could, and despatched it. It safely reached the hands of his "godmother," who, trembling with excitement, read the letter that came with the parcel. The closing passage of this letter gave the present extra value: "This branch will be faded when it reaches you, but you will not mind this when you hear that it grew on a bit of ground in Alsace, that we have conquered and restored to France."

Those who know the feeling of all French people, of every class, regarding Alsace will understand that the little "godmother" reverently hung up the faded blackthorn near the

sprig of box, *le rameau béni*, brought back from church last Palm Sunday.

In another letter, written to a "godmother," we saw a sprig of lilac; it had evidently, from the contents of the letter, been culled at some risk by the writer, and to the "godmother's" thanks were added words of advice and entreaty; her godson's risks moved her even more than his present. In another letter, badly spelt and written, by a peasant soldier, was a tiny "forget-me-not" from the forests of Argonne, some parts of which have been watered by the best blood of France during months of strenuous warfare. The soldier's delicate blue flower grew, he said, close to the wires that protect the enemy's trenches; "but my little present, that is so small compared to all your kindness, will please you because I had some trouble to get it; you will see that I am not ungrateful for all that you do for me."

Here again the little "godmother's" acknowledgments were tempered by a prayer that no useless risk should be incurred by her soldier, whose first duty is to France, to whom his life belongs.

The tone of these letters varies according to the age of the writer; the very young soldiers are naturally enthusiastic, and the hardships and dangers they have gone through have not shaken their firm faith in an ultimate victory. The *réservistes*, men over forty, are more sober in their expressions, but there is about them a steady endurance that, given their age, is highly estimable and, sometimes, pathetic. The letters of their little "godmothers" remind them of their own children at home. A fighting man writes from Alsace to his youthful benefactress: "I have at home a little girl of your age who never forgets to pray for you; it is her only way of thanking you for your goodness to me."

As the gigantic struggle drags on with its tragedies, its losses and its pain, we cling more willingly to any side light that brings an element of sweetness into the sorrow-laden atmosphere. The interchange of good offices between our soldiers at the front and our children at home is one of these side lights; it develops among our little one's generosity, thought for others, self-sacrifice; it brings them into touch with the realities of war in the only way that is suitable to their tender years: as messengers of joy. The soldier's letters, carefully put aside, reveal the fund of good feeling of these French peasants and workmen, who often are only known to outsiders by the anti-clerical utterances of the deputies whom their misguided votes have sent to Parliament. The real soul of France is now at the front, and its baptism of fire will, we trust, bring about a happy change; the full effects will be visible when our fighting men come home.

B. DE COURSON.

## COMMUNICATIONS

*Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.*

### A "Bishop's" Calumny

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

In a recent issue of your very excellent review of which I am a weekly reader, I observed a statement, quoted from Bishop Homer Stuntz, (Methodist) to the effect that *Fray Mocho*, our most prominent Argentine weekly, was on a par with *L'Asino* of Rome so far as its attacks on the clergy of the Catholic Church are concerned. I quote from *AMERICA* of April 10:

There is published in Buenos Aires a weekly comic paper like the *Asino*, of Rome, and somewhat like *Life*, of New York. It is maintained partly for the purpose of ridiculing friars, priests and the Catholic faith in general. It is true that this paper is hostile to Christianity as it is represented by the Roman Church and is therefore understood to be opposed to religion in any form. But this is not the case. Its

cartoons are leveled at immoral and medieval priestly leadership. When our church held a great Sunday school rally in Prince George's Hall, in Buenos Aires, on Conference Sunday, last February, this paper—*Fray Mocho*—took flash-light pictures, secured photographs of the leading missionaries and Sunday school workers, and gave several pages to a sympathetic write-up of that truly great gathering.

I have been a reader of *Fray Mocho* since its inception and I can not recall during that time a single attack in its columns on the clergy. My sense of fair play was stung by imputing to a clean review so black a name and in order to bring the truth before your readers I took the liberty to write Mr. H. J. Black, the advertising manager of *Fray Mocho* and a personal friend, requesting him to secure for me a categorical statement on the matter from the managers of said paper, which I herewith forward to you:

SR. JAMES B. SHERIDAN,  
Sarmiento 2002,

DEAR SIR:

Mr. H. J. Black has handed us your letter of the 7th inst., the contents of which we have studied with the greatest pleasure. With the same letter Mr. Black also sends us a copy of the review *AMERICA* for May 1, and we must inform you that our surprise could not be greater in the face of the inaccurate statement, made in said publication about *Fray Mocho*. In answer to the erroneous statement referred to, we can categorically state that the pages of *Fray Mocho* have never contained an attack, direct or indirect, against Catholicism or against the clergy; for faithful to its fundamental principles, this review has never sustained political or religious systems or tendencies of any kind, since its character, purely informative, literary and artistic, removes it from such a course. Our conduct in this direction is above suspicion, as our perfect friendship with the religious element of our citizens and with the clergy of Buenos Aires demonstrates; religious festivities and celebrations, as well as matters of current ecclesiastical interest, have always found space in the pages of *Fray Mocho*. Accordingly we accept with the greatest pleasure the offer which you make, and for which we tender you the expression of our thanks, as your spontaneous action in the matter will serve to establish the truth which has been misrepresented by a statement both misleading and clearly based on error. It is particularly pleasing for us to avail ourselves of this opportunity to send you the assurance of our personal consideration and to salute you.

C. PUIG CORRADINO.

It is singularly unfair to compare *Fray Mocho* with *L'Asino* of Rome. The comparison is as unjust as if your *Saturday Evening Post* were compared with the *Menace*. *Fray Mocho* is received by all our best Argentine families and I need scarcely tell you that our Argentine ladies would have nothing to do with any paper that is militantly anticlerical. Were *Fray Mocho* what Bishop Stuntz would have his American friends believe, it would be an insignificant sheet, whereas it possesses one of the largest circulations of any periodical in this Republic. Under separate cover I forward you a copy of the current issue and I feel sure that you will not find anything in its pages derogatory to Catholicism. May I hope that you will give the same publicity to the letter of Mr. Corradino as to the statement that appeared in previous issues of *AMERICA* in reference to his paper? In conclusion may I be permitted to offer a word of congratulation to *AMERICA* on the sustained excellence of its contents and particularly on its noble stand on behalf of our hapless brothers and sisters in Mexico.

Buenos Aires.

JAMES B. SHERIDAN.

[The usual story: calumny of South America by a missionary, this time by a "Bishop." The "Bishop's" whole article is an excellent example of "Evangelical effort."—Editor *AMERICA*.]

#### Dangers in the Navy

To the Editor of *AMERICA*:

A few weeks ago my duty took me to a seaboard town where, at the time there were about seven thousand U. S. sailors of all ages in the service. It is in fact at all times overrun by tars

and therefore as good a place as any in the country to learn what they say and do. While I was there two priests of the place, independently the one of the other, took vigorous exception to Mr. Conroy's article on the navy. His statement that the day of the loud swearing, heavy drinking tar, had passed they denied outright. One went further and stated that the swearing of the modern jackie is of a very original character, without losing the strength of the older variety. A certain parochial residence fronts on a park with its usual fringe of park benches. There early in the morning on or about July 4 the clergy were regaled with the sight of a sailor on, and a sailor under, every bench. The first charitable thought suggested the effect of a hot night but some one more knowing intimated that they were "stewed." Perhaps this may have been exceptional as over one hundred thousand dollars in pay had been distributed to the bluejackets in port on this occasion, and forty-eight hours shore leave granted to allow the townspeople to get the greater part of it.

One year ago between a certain naval station and the town nearby there was pointed out to me a large field sparsely shaded by trees which, I was informed had been a sort of modern Grove of Daphne for the youngsters of the navy, until the naval authorities were persuaded by a priest to forbid loitering there on the way to and from the town.

One more incident, while I was traveling through New Hampshire last December, at one of the stations a young sailor boarded the train, bade a manly good-bye to his sweetheart, and took a seat in front of me. He was in a mood to talk to some one and I was his choice. He was still a Protestant—the girl a good Catholic. Her influence had saved him from drunken company some years before and her example had led him to desire to be a Catholic. He had a prayer-book and beads she had given him, and did not know exactly how he would face "the boys" with these. His two remaining years of service ended he would leave, become a Catholic, marry and settle down. "Why," said I, "do you not become a Catholic now?" "Because," he answered with deliberation, "when I become a Catholic, I want to be a good one and I don't see how a boy can be a good Catholic in the navy."

Boston.

N. D.

#### Church Music

To the Editor of *AMERICA*:

The article on "Our Discarded Church Music," by Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., in your issue of July 24, offers the sensible suggestion that music written to liturgical texts but, owing to its unliturgical character, no longer performed in church, be studied by Catholic choral societies and rendered in the concert hall. The suggestion is excellent and should be widely acted upon. The formation of choral clubs, at least in our larger parishes, is indeed a great desideratum. It would, however, be a waste of time and energy if such choral societies were to devote themselves to the study of a repertoire such as that proposed by Father Lord. When the banalities of Farmer and the ballet music of Marzocchi have been banished from the organ-loft, they should not be transferred to the parish hall. The hedonist Abt's "*Ave Maria*," the adaptation of the text of the "*Agnus Dei*" to a secular composition by Bizet should be left in oblivion by Catholic choral societies. Every effort should be made to dissociate this kind of music from liturgical texts. The adaptation of the Unitarian text, "Praise Ye the Father" to Gounod's "*Marche Romaine*" for military band, might well be left to the Unitarians. There is, indeed, no dearth of Catholic choral music for mixed voices. Have we not the Masses and motets by the classic masters, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Cherubini, Schubert to select from? Then there are the works to Latin texts by Dvorak, Schuman, Gounod, Bruckner, Paladilhe, Widor, Saint-Saëns and others. And there are the compositions to English texts, with a



distinctive Catholic note, by Perosi, César Frank, Elgar, Tinel and, last but not least, our own Father L. Bonvin, S.J. His songs, almost all written to Catholic poetry, rank with the best in that department of musical literature. There are the same master's choral works: "O World Full of Sunny Delight," "In the Summer-night," "Morn on the Northern Coast," "Brittany," "The CIII Psalm," etc., all for mixed chorus, solo voices and piano or orchestra accompaniment, and all works of the first order.

This incomplete list, shows that we have a musical literature meeting any local condition. Unfortunately, we do not use it. We leave it for our non-Catholic concert societies, in this country as well as abroad, to thrive on, while we are satisfied with the husks of Farmer, Marzo, Rhys-Herbert and others of the same class.

Pittsburgh.

JOSEPH OTTEN.

#### A Black List for Motion Pictures

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The communication of Mr. James V. Shields in your issue of July 17, touches upon a matter of vital concern to Catholics, the misrepresentation of the Church and her institutions in motion pictures. The main theme of Mr. Shields' remarks is that we secure representation on the Board of Censorship. This, of course, is the end to work for, but in the meantime, can not something be done in a systematic way to stop the showing of pictures offensive to Catholics? His letter has suggested an idea which I hope may be found practical; if not in the shape here presented, then in some other and better way.

From mention made by him of the play "Hypocrites," I judge that in the large cities, some if not all of the pictures are run for more than one day, as he speaks of the Brooklyn Federation of Catholic Societies having had this one "discontinued." Now down here it is different. The programs at these places are changed daily and by the time we discover that a picture is being shown that is distasteful to us, it is too late to do anything as it has been taken off and sent somewhere else before we are ready to make effective protest through our different Catholic societies. This has been our experience on several occasions and the net result of our efforts is simply an assurance that the management has no desire to insult the Catholics of the community and will try to avoid offense in future. But to do these people justice, very probably they do not know when they are booking films that offend us. What we want is to know beforehand just what ones are objectionable. The idea I have in mind is this: Could not the Catholic Theater Movement or some other organization in our large cities which have Catholic papers, exercise a kind of supervision over the moving picture entertainments and publish the names of such as are objectionable as soon as they are shown? These theaters throw on the screen between performances, a list of films booked for about ten days ahead and under the plan mentioned, Catholics everywhere would be forewarned and could take measures in time to have the objectionable ones cancelled. In this or some similar way we could improve greatly on present conditions, while contending for the idea advanced by Mr. Shields. I hope to see something accomplished along this line before long.

Augusta, Ga.

JOHN L. ARMSTRONG.

#### Ben Jonson as a Catholic

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In his anxiety to prove that there is a strain of Catholicism in the history of so-called Protestant English literature, the Reverend F. M. Connell strains a point somewhat when he includes Ben Jonson in the list. Ben Jonson was a Catholic, it is true, so also was Martin Luther; but even for the sake of a literary tradition I doubt whether any English Catholic would care to see the

name of an apostate in the years of persecution, as Ben Jonson undoubtedly was, in the same list with such honored names as Crashaw or Southwell for instance; and it is to their era that he belongs.

The Catholic career of Ben Jonson is brief and shortly told. In 1598 he found himself in prison, and his neck considerably in fear of the gallows, for having killed an actor in a duel. Whilst Jonson was in prison a Catholic priest visited him, and eventually he was converted to the Faith. His father, who had served Mary Queen of Scots, had apostatized and become a minister. For twelve years Jonson remained a Catholic, and on November 7, 1605, two days after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, he and his friend Chapman, both of whom were mixed up in some obscure way with the Plot, were accused by the Earl of Northampton of popery and treason. At any rate, the Council sent for Jonson who was known to be a Catholic, and he was asked to use his influence to obtain information from the priests, evidently regarding the Plot. Just exactly what the information was is not known, though it has been conjectured to be connected with the secrets of the confessional. Jonson tried his best. He obtained papers from the Council promising safe conduct; he tried to "get at" the Venetian ambassador's chaplain, and through him at the priests, but they declined to leave their hiding places, and so Jonson's efforts fell flat. He wrote to Lord Salisbury complaining of his failure, and added that more than five hundred gentlemen were involved in the Plot, and his endeavors to get information for the Council had failed. Five years after this there took place what Father Herbert Thurston calls Jonson's "exceptionally disgraceful apostasy from the Catholic Faith, which he had for a time embraced." He left the Church when it was a penal offence to say or hear Mass or to be a priest; he acted as a sort of "stool-pigeon" for the priest-hunting Council of James I; whether, in the face of this he is quite the right sort of medium to inject a strain of Catholicism into English literature must largely be a matter of opinion. Personally I think any English Catholic would prefer his national literature to be unmistakably Protestant rather than to have a "Catholic" flavor of this kind.

New York.

H. C. WATTS.

#### Mr. Belloc on Wine

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In his superlatively excellent article on "Poesy and Prohibition," which gave me quite a thirst—for more of the kind! Mr. Watts laid stress on the more lively, shall I say of the anti-prohibition poetical outbursts of those two valiant believers in wine and song, Mr. Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton. I would like to draw your attention to one of Belloc's sonnets in praise of wine, and God, who gave it us, which has a high tone and less rampant sentiment than the poems quoted by Mr. Watts; though, for that matter, not necessarily a greater effort. It is the "Sonnet upon God the Wine-Giver" (For Easter Sunday):

Though Man made wine, I think God made it, too;  
God making all things, made Man make good wine.  
He taught him how the little tendrils twine  
About the stakes of labor close and true.  
Then next, with intimate prophetic laughter,  
He taught the Man, in His own image blest,  
To pluck and wagon and to—all the rest!  
To tread the grape and work his vintage after.

So did God make us, making good Wine's makers;  
So did he order us to rule the field.  
And now by God are we not only bakers  
But vintners also, sacraments to yield;  
Yet most of all strong lovers. Praised be God!  
Who taught us how the wine-press should be trod!

Islip, Long Island.

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

# A M E R I C A

## A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1915

Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Published weekly by the America Press, New York.  
President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSEIN;  
Treasurer, JOHN D. WHEELER.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:  
United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$3.00  
Canada, \$3.50 Europe, \$4.00 (16s.)

Address:  
THE AMERICA PRESS, 59 East 83d Street, New York City, N. Y., U. S. A.  
CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

*Contributions for the Mexican fund may be sent direct to AMERICA.*

### Crying to Heaven

MANY things cry to heaven for redress; none clamors more insistently than the moral law violated in a brutal fashion by some of our New York theaters. Time and time again during the past winter stage and film have been turned into instruments for perverting morality and outraging public decency, at the cost, too, of the most sacred and intimate convictions of Catholics. First priestly virtue was flouted, and Catholics were silent. Then when the passion of the degenerates, who flung their caps in air over this filth, was jaded and the animal in them needed a new goad, a Sister was shown on the stage under unspeakable conditions, and Catholics were silent. The next infamy was quick to come; the Sister was put into burlesque with a ribald song on her lips, and Catholics were silent.

Not so the public prints; the smirking press agent smiled on Catholics from between the lines, and told them how spiritually uplifting was all this devil-invented ribaldry about their priests and Sisters, and Catholics were silent to the number of a million or more. Brave souls, generous souls! There you have it. Any pervert from the standards of decency, with money and lust as his doubled-headed god, can turn the very noblest Catholic sentiments and practices into public ridicules, can make them instruments for arousing base passions, gather coin from the traffic, dress his women-folk in silks and diamonds, from the profit and laugh at our cowardice. What other class of people would suffer these infamous conditions for the fraction of a second? Were the virtue of a Presbyterian elder, or of a Methodist deaconess, or of a Jewish rabbi flouted in public, the city would be shaken to its very foundations. And rightly so; for religious convictions are sacred, and no man of honor and courage will suffer them to be put in the market

for a price. Catholics alone will permit that. Baruch may throw the priest on the screen with a naked woman; Isaac may paint Sisters trulls; Abraham may turn Sisters into burlesquers dropping ribaldry from their lips, and all for a price, and Catholics remain inactive, silent. No, not inactive, not silent. Some of them are busy striving to use the Church for personal aggrandizement; others are clamoring against their brethren in France, Portugal, or perhaps the Fiji Islands. A short time since, it was all but impossible to meet a New York Catholic without hearing: "I say, what the devil is the matter with those French and Portuguese Catholics? Why don't they stand up for their rights?" The devil that is the matter with the French and Portuguese Catholics is no more, but rather less a devil than the devil of New York Catholics. In France and Portugal the devil is the government, and Catholics with their innate respect for authority suffer much from governments without protest. The devil here is the man in the street who has sold his own soul for a coin, and then puts a price on Catholic virtue, the virtue of our brothers and sisters, and bids us "go to," as if we were Pariahs without brains or voice or courage. Of course, the retort will come: Why don't our bishops and priests do something? A plague on this drivel. Common morality, ordinary self-defense do not wait on bishops and priests. Laymen have responsibilities which do not depend on the nod of a mitre, or the swing of the stole. It is a layman's duty to fight for civic decency, a layman's duty to preserve his own self-respect, a layman's duty to make others respect his convictions, a layman's duty to protect the virtue of his children, a layman's duty to see to it that there is a rational censorship of film and stage, a layman's duty to be a man, exercising the rights of citizenship and enjoying its privileges. In short, it is high time that Catholic laymen realize that they, too, are part of the body politic with rights to be exercised, time that they stop acting as if the State were a great monster lifted in the air above them, at which they, its slaves, are permitted to gape in reverence.

### A New Plea for Peace

THE voice from the Vatican has again been heard around the earth. The anniversary of the outbreak of the world war has called forth a new letter from the Holy Father, weighty with meaning. It is an earnest, practical effort to bring to a termination the fratricidal struggle which is strewing the fairest garden lands of Europe with corpses and ruins. He alone of all the mighty powers upon earth has hitherto been able to assuage or mitigate ever so little the dreadful horrors of this war. His words alone have been listened to with consideration, even when they did not entirely effect their purpose. His present message is important beyond all others. It calls for an exchange of views, direct or indirect, among the rulers of the embattled nations, "in an



endeavor, if possible, to arrange aspirations so that all may be contented." He advises them of the futility of an attempt at mutual annihilation: nations can not be exterminated; and the desire of revenge will live on from generation to generation. All friends of peace are therefore asked to unite with him in terminating this war and to establish a new order, an empire of right, "resolving henceforth to solve difficulties not by sword, but by equity and justice." Recalling the slaughter of the thousands of young lives daily sacrificed as the holocaust of war, he solemnly appeals to the rulers that they prepare at once for an interchange of views, since the price in tears and blood demanded by this struggle is too staggering to contemplate:

In the holy name of God, our Heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus, whose blessed Blood was given as the price for human salvation, we beseech you whom Divine Providence placed at the heads of belligerent nations to end the bloody carnage which, for a year, has dishonored Europe.

Already the words of the Pope have produced gratifying results; demonstrations of sympathy have come from all sides. Men of the most different nationalities, non-Catholics, no less than Catholics, have expressed their admiration of the Pope's proposal. May this appeal have the desired effect! May kings and emperors join the Father of the Christian world, the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, in bringing Christ's spirit to earth once again.

### Social Uplift

IT used to be true to say that "human nature is the same to-day as it ever was," but it is true no more. There is a tendency to-day to discount the lore of the ages. Those past ages were ages of faith, whereas this age is an experimental age, and nothing is true unless you find it out for yourself.

Take sociology, for instance. The name is new, but the subject itself is as old as the fall of Adam. It has changed its externals in the course of time with the changing conditions of life, but its fundamental principle, based on that unchanging human nature, has continued essentially the same up to now. That fundamental principle stated that "there were both good and bad in a man," with perhaps a little too much emphasis on the bad. Modern sociology puts undue emphasis on the good. It informs us that human nature is all good. It is not man, but his "environment" that is bad. For example, it used to be the right and the duty of the college authorities to guard against the inevitable dishonesty; now, lo and behold, young men in college tell you that "faculty supervision is 'prep stuff,' and an insult to the dignity of the 'college man.'" It used to seem proper to put criminals under surveillance; now they are all "trusties."

The nearness of extremes! Narrow is the channel between Scylla and Charybdis. Did abuses exist under the old systems—direct suspicion of each individual student,

never any credit to the prisoner for a change of disposition? Then correct these abuses. But why pass from one extreme of ill-advised cruelty to the other of cruel kindness? It is like the man, he was a great philosopher at that, none other indeed than Descartes, who finding something he thought true to be false, forthwith doubted about everything, emptied all his accepted truths out of his head, as if it were a barrel with a few bad apples in it.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." Knowledge comes to an individual, bit by bit, but wisdom lingers in a man at the end of his life as the accretion and sublimation of knowledge; and not only that, but it lingers also in the race. Knowledge comes to the generation, but wisdom lingers in the race as its legacy of truth. If we would be prudent, we can not discard the wisdom of the past in our work of charity toward our neighbor. It is our chart and soundings in rounding this Cape of Good Hope.

There was a reckless engineer who used to take curves at furious speed; he called it "taking a chance," and if you were to remonstrate with him, he would say: "What's the difference? The're as many wrecks going slow as going fast." He came to grief. To try to effect any real social reform with a new-spun theory of evolution to the neglect of all precedent is likewise merely taking a foolish chance. Why is there so much exaltation of the "Ideal of the State" and "the Superman," and not a word about the Ideal of God, so much care of man's body and so little of his soul, so much talk about environment, hygiene, open air, but no heed to the fact of original sin and the need of the grace of God? "This should be done, but the other should not be left undone."

What will be the end of these revolutionary schemes of social reform? You have seen children take their neat picture-collections of flags of all nations, or of the heroes of the world, or what not, and jumble them all together, only to rearrange them again in the same old order. Instead of pictures, we children of an older growth play with schools and prisons and theories of evolution. The name of the game is "Progress," or "Social Uplift," and the issue of it can only be a return to the old-time wisdom of our forefathers.

### Oh, Georgia!

THERE was a time when Georgia stood for chivalry. At the mention of its name Yankees were tempted to doff their hats in honor of a State that respected womankind—every Yankee had a mother and most of them had sisters. But the day of respect for Georgia seems fated to disappear. Women are no longer sacred there; men of the "Empire State of the South," to whom the idea of warfare on women once seemed impossible, are like to write themselves down in favor of a bill that has for its purpose the "investigation of Catholic convents by grand jury committees." Imagine it, men of Georgia, the flower of the sweet Southland, fighting

Catholic women who give their lives to public service! Just picture sturdy Georgians, ten or twelve of them, gentlemen all, at least they were, arriving at any time of the day or night at the home of five or six defenseless women and demanding admission in the name and by the patent of the sovereign State. Could there be a greater insult to Georgia's manhood, a greater stigma on the Georgian commonwealth? Georgia's men fighting women! What has Georgia's august legislature to say to that? It is a monstrous outrage, altogether worthy of certain decadents in Iowa, who sleep in trousers and boots, eat hog and hominy from the end of a knife, drawl through their nostrils in speech, making a noise like a wheezing accordion, and impudently send committees into convents to search for ants, cockroaches and watered tea. Georgia, is that what you intend to do? Fie on you, your chivalry is gone! The situation would be less ludicrous if Georgia had no real problems to engage her legislators' attention. But it has problems that need the wisdom and patience of statesmen for their solution, and it is stupid and dishonest for her lawmakers to turn aside from these evils to consider the best means of making the lives of ladies unhappy. Chivalrous as were Georgia's men toward women, the State has yet abounded in lawlessness. Here lies Georgia's real problem. What a mockery of justice and statesmanship for the legislators of a State in which "one-fourth of the mob-murders in the United States for the first six months of the present year were committed," to ignore such an abuse and give their time, their wits, their eloquence to the baiting of gentle women! Are Sisters devoted to charity in all peacefulness, more dangerous to the commonwealth than mobs at the door of the court house, mobs under the dome of the capitol, "lynching bees," and other forms of violence? Have Georgia's legislators become so fatuous that they blink at hideous crimes and punish virtue, so lacking in upstanding manhood that they pat criminals on the jowls and lift mailed fists against women? Shame on Georgia's men; they have forgotten their ancient heritage; they were chivalrous once, lion-like before men, gentle before women; they are craven now, all of them who give the odious bill one thought of approval, a shrieking, apologizing crowd before criminals, a raucous set before fearful women. And their papers, with one notable exception, talk softly and sweetly like the religious press which says "nice things" for the edification of the "dear girls." Oh, Georgia! where is your sometime chivalry? In the Kentucky mountains?

#### War, Capital and Labor

THE assertion is often to be found in socialist literature that wars are made by capital and fought by labor. Viewing the question from another angle, Mr. Samuel Gompers recently remarked that "labor bears the price of war." It is doubtless true that capital may be largely responsible for the beginning of a war. Its in-

fluence is felt not merely in the legislatures of the different countries, but it controls to a great extent the press and through this sways the people. No one doubts that even at the present moment it matters much whether the moneyed interests of our own country are bound up more closely with London or Berlin. That commercial ambitions have played an important rôle in the great war itself is equally obvious. Even when a war is most clamorously demanded by the people themselves, the reason is at least partly because their passions have been fanned to a white heat by the papers they have read, while the papers themselves are owned by men whose financial interests are not likely to be entirely forgotten in the agitation carried on by them among the people. This does not prove the socialist contention that wars are made by capitalism, as if it were the one cause of all national conflicts; but it goes to show that capital may often be an important factor in the creation of strife. There are many other factors to be taken into consideration, though the possibility that a particular war may be almost entirely instigated by commercial interests can readily be conceded.

It is not true, as the present war conclusively shows, that labor alone must bear the full brunt of the battle. All classes alike have been drawn into the mighty maelstrom of the contending armies. There is often no discrimination made between the rich and the poor, who fight and fall side by side. There is weeping in the hovel and a bleeding mother's heart beats comfortless in the mansion. A Catholic officer relating his losses in a bold expedition, undertaken with a handful of men, which ended in a surprise by a great body of the enemy, and an order from him for his men to flee for their lives, writes:

I was particularly sorry for a young volunteer, the only son of an exceedingly rich banker. He was a genial, daring and delightful young lad. A shot struck him. He fell, and again stood up to escape. This time many bullets found their mark in him. His knees gave way and he sank dead to the ground. I heard the laughter of the enemy as they came upon him and saw his rich outfit. A field glass worth three hundred marks hung from his neck. He wore a fur vest of genuine pine-martin, a beaver muffler and a breast purse full of gold. The brave soldier had fought loyally for his fatherland and died for it. God grant him an eternal reward.

This is but one of countless instances. It is true the distinction between wealth and poverty is visible even here, but wealth was no bar to daring and patriotism. The lot of the poor is harder particularly where there is question of sacrificing the one support of the home or the only hope of declining years. War is terrible and its losses will naturally fall most heavily upon the poor. Yet it is not fair to overlook the part which is taken by all classes of all the nations engaged in this dreadful carnage. The success of Socialism has always to a great extent consisted in dealing with half truths and making them appear to be the entire statement of the facts in question. Capital is not to be exonerated where it is guilty, and it is often guilty in many things. On the



other hand, impartial justice must be done even to it. Labor, when true to the high principles given it by Christ and His Church, deserves the heartiest sympathy of every man and his most loyal support; but its cause can only be injured by resting it upon exaggerations.

### An Angry Old Girl

**A**N angry old girl has written an editorial for a well-known radical paper. The editorial is not very coherent; the author is "mad clean through" and turns brain power into blue fire which she spits here and there and everywhere like a Fury out for a short leave. There is no doubt on two scores, however: she hates Catholicism and shrieks a litany of woes. She pummels the former real hard, but then she is a socialist and a suffragette, not a suffragist. She rolls off her litany again and again much in the same way that those "music machines," invented by the devil or his first assistant, are turning off the barrel, these hot days, morning, noon and night, "A Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

The Church is the enemy of progress, a foe to society which

has reached that stage of evolution where it refuses to have idiots any longer on earth. [There are some left yet.] The time is here when society will refuse any longer to pay out millions of dollars that should be used for fine constructive purposes for the care of above mentioned idiots, imbeciles, epileptics, syphilitics, defectives and feeble-minded, produced by Catholics and others who believe in uncontrolled, reckless childbearing. . . . In this, the twentieth century, society will not permit itself to be thwarted in its work of race-regeneration by the opposition of those whose beliefs are as out of place to-day as the belief in witchcraft, and a million times more harmful.

The gentle creature is not out of breath yet, but the rest of her wisdom were better omitted. As is clear she is an exponent of socialist philosophy. She marks off a clear line between that and Catholic doctrine. The issue is this. The socialist lives for earth and earth's goods; his head is down, his eyes are on the sod; his inspiration is from the mud. Body and bodily pleasures are his be-all and end-all; he scorns the soul, rejects the supernatural order, laughs at the law of the spirit and is content with bread and beans or cheese and beer or pork and cabbage, with wine and women thrown in for a diversion, provided no responsibility eventuates from his frolic. For his ethics is that of the herd.

A Catholic begins and ends with the spirit; he accentuates the value of the soul, stresses the higher life, subordinates the temporal to the eternal, lives with his head on high, eyes beyond the stars, drawing faith and hope and strength from the shining face of God, longing for the consummation of life, which is Christ, the Lord. Therefore it is that he pities the idiot and the syphilitic, and all other unfortunates and recognizes in them children of his Father, redeemed in the Blood of Christ, fit maybe by God's mercy to have the light of salvation on

their brows for eternity and the music of golden harps in their hearts for ever. Precious things the souls of idiots and of all bruised men and women!

There is the difference between the Catholic and socialist.

The angry woman does not see it, poor, deluded creature, caught in the thicket, torn by the bramble. And so she exclaims: "If a man believes that he is going to turn into a red (*sic.*) flamingo after he dies, the cherishing of that harmless delusion is his privilege." That is clever; but then she has forgotten that some people are turned into roast geese after they die.

### LITERATURE

John Boyle O'Reilly\*

**T**HERE is no one who travels through Drogheda, in Ireland, but sees Dowth Castle; there is no one who visits Holyrood cemetery, in Brookline, Massachusetts, but may look upon a massive boulder towering in Druidic majesty over the hallowed field. Castle and rock, they mean little, or mean much, to the passer-by to-day. For the idle utilitarian to whom the present hour is the totality of life they exist without much significance, even as all the precious memorials of dead years; but to those whose hearts are still warm with memories for the yesterday, Dowth Castle and the solitary monument are not profitless things, for they speak in silent eloquence of the birth and death of John Boyle O'Reilly, the patriot, the editor, the poet.

It is just a quarter of a century ago, twenty-five years on the tenth of August, to be precise, that John Boyle O'Reilly went out of this life. He had seen only forty-six years, but they were full years, every one of them, and they sufficed to do the labor of the much-coveted three score and ten. To dwell for eleven years in a castle, the son of cultured parents, to become apprentice in a newspaper office, to dream the Fenian dream of a free Ireland, to serve as a soldier in the Prince of Wales's Own, to be arrested for treason, to be found guilty and sentenced to death, to have death exchanged for a life-in-death in the cells of English prisons, to toss with the tide on a convict ship bound for Australia, to labor with the road-gang between the hopeless barriers of the Indian ocean and the untamed Bush, to find freedom at last on a New Bedford whaler, to taste the welcome of America, to be the voice of the Celt on the platform and from the editor's chair of the *Boston Pilot*, to be made president of historic clubs and tendered honors by universities, to be able to win by his genius and his charm the admiration and friendship of the leading men and women of his day: this is a fascinating story, and the contemporaries of O'Reilly who wept at his untimely death must love to cherish the tale as they learned it in the long ago.

O'Reilly was an accomplished writer of editorials, a forceful and polished speaker, a prose story-teller of worthy achievement, but above all things he was a poet. Even in his prose work there is an underlying and pervading spirit of poesy that will not be denied utterance, a voice of love or of sorrow, a note of lyric grace or of dirgeful pathos, a gladdening vision or a dream of tears wept in some past day of remembrance. And so one turns to his poems to find his true soul singing and the door of his heart wide open.

He published four volumes of poetry, "Songs of the Southern Seas," "Songs, Legends and Ballads," "The Statues in the Block,"

\*The sixth of a series of critical papers about books that should be in the educated Catholic's library.

and "In Bohemia." It will be possible to make mention of only a few of the poems. He won his early praises as a writer of narrative verse, the best examples of which are "The Dukite Snake," a fanciful tale of the Australian Bush, "The Amber Whale," a work full of the penetrant flavor of the sea, and "The King of the Vasse," a poem which, in its venture into the realm of the mysterious and the weird, asks kinship with the imagination of a Poe or a Fitz-James O'Brien. A deeper, philosophic note is sounded in the poem "Bone and Sinew and Brain," in which he makes as strong a plea for culture of mind and body as the Wordsworthian sonnet does for plain living and high thinking. Nothing more delightful can be imagined than "Macarius the Monk," first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a poem which carries one back in spirit to those cloistered days when a toiling hour was first deemed a prayer ever so sweet, and a weary frame a benison from the skies.

With the growth of his poetic powers O'Reilly developed a lighter touch in lyric phrasing, and a surer deftness of expression. "The Statues in the Block," the title poem of the volume published in 1881, is a notable endeavor in blank verse. His poem of eulogy on the occasion of the death of his friend Wendell Phillips in 1884 won the unstinted praise of all the literary men of the day; for spontaneity and vigor and feeling and epigrammatic terseness it can scarcely be surpassed in American letters. In 1885 the far-famed "In Bohemia" was first read by O'Reilly to the Papyrus Club, when the plaudits for the forty-four lines beginning and ending with "I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land" were an earnest of the popularity to which the poem has since attained. The same year saw "Ensign Epps, the Color Bearer," "a story of one man's truth and of all men's glory," the finest short narrative poem O'Reilly wrote. Soon following came "The Cry of the Dreamer," a rare idyl, sweet and precious as a Sicilian eclogue, with its world-old refrain "For a dreamer lives forever, and a toiler dies in a day." Among the poems succeeding these the most noteworthy is "Crispus Attucks," written for the occasion of the unveiling of a monument to the negro who was the first to lose his life at the Boston Massacre of pre-Revolutionary days. In this the poet spoke with the fulness of emotion, for he was at all times the colored man's faithful defender.

O'Reilly had written spirited poems for the centenary commemorations of Daniel O'Connell and of Robert Emmet; as a matter of course he was the logical laureate on both occasions. But bordering on the anomalous and the paradox it might seem when in 1889 he was invited to write a poem for the dedication of the national monument to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Massachusetts. "The Pilgrim Fathers" was his offering, and by it he won once and for all the unreserved love of the New Englander to whom Massachusetts had been kith and kin for nigh three centuries. The poem is a magnificent tribute to the stern days of Miles Standish when the prayerful adventurers from across the deep, builded their own little democratic empire beside the untutored kingdom of Massasoit. A very different poem is the much-loved "What Is Good?" written in the same year. As possible solutions to the query the poet mentions order, knowledge, truth, pleasure, love, beauty, freedom, home, fame, and equity; then his own heart answers "Kindness is the word." His last poem "The Useless Ones," was published in the *Pilot* on February 1, 1890. The title referred to the fellowship of poets, whose province was not logic, but song, who would die as roses die, but like them during life give pleasure.

Well, John Boyle O'Reilly sang, and in his song gave joy. His was not always the fullest note, nor his diction always the most polished, nor his thought ever tenuously subtle and delicate as gossamer. But he was often singing in the noblest strain, he often chose the language of song fresh from the lips of Euterpe, and if he would have little to do with the meticulous preciousness of the Elizabethan school or the Cavalier, it was because his

Celtic sympathies lay closer to those whose hearts are as great as their minds and who prize the loveliness of sincerity and purity and truth. O'Reilly's poetry is essentially the poetry of a man who feels strongly the things that ask pity and justice and mercy and love, and who believes that the passion of poetry should be the divine fire that warms the soul to an utterance **only a little lower than the angels**. He had his limitations; he was neither a Scott, nor a Tennyson, nor a Keats. Perhaps the Hellenic gift to write an "Ode to a Grecian Urn" was not his; though at times he was lyrical as the poet of "The Princess," and in narrative felicity he not infrequently suffers in no wise by comparison with the author of "The Lady of the Lake." He was of sufficient merit to rank with the poets of the New England school, with Longfellow, and Whittier, and Holmes. In any judgment of his worth it must be remembered that he died, if not in the Lycidas youthhood, at all events at the time when his poetic spirit was wooing fuller moods of expression, and following the gleam more surely in the quest for the ultimate goal. Had he lived, he might have consistently excelled his own best and the best work of his contemporaries; but even in the short years of his toiling he wonderfully gave of his heart and his mind and his soul, and in the written heritage there lingers yet more than the sweet aroma of a once-fair thought, more than the cherished recollection of a vanished spirit; rather the voice itself of the singer of songs, grown rich and mellow and warm with the passing of the years.

JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM, M.A.

## REVIEWS

**Thomas Davis, the Thinker and Teacher.** 3s.6d. JOHN MITCHEL'S **Jail Journal.** 6s. **The Felon's Track.** 3s.6d. Edited by ARTHUR GRIFFITH. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Though the substance of these three classics of the Forty-eight movement in Ireland was first published over sixty years ago, their republication will have all the novelty of original works for the majority of readers. Two of them at least, those of Davis and Mitchel, have a vigor of thought and purity of phrase that should have insured them a place on their own merits, among the classics of the language. But the freedom, or rather the nationalizing of Ireland, to which their authors consecrated their virile pens, was then an unpopular pursuit, and the guides and moulders of literary opinions were not apt to see genius in the detested propaganda, nor, least of all, to advertise it. The result is that whereas Davis, who died before the fruition of his work could bring him into the clutches of the law, has received occasional, condescending notice, Mitchel, a man of yet stronger genius and of greater literary power and productiveness, but whose activities won him penal servitude, has only become known to the general public as the grandfather of the Mayor of New York. His "History of Ireland," his "Case for Ireland Stated," and numerous other works are all of permanent value, but the "Jail Journal" is his masterpiece.

In the three years, 1842-45, Davis' writings in the *Nation* and the influence he exercised on a brilliant group of co-workers had reawakened the national spirit in a form that has inspired every truly national movement thereafter, notably the Gaelic revival of the late decades. Davis strengthened, if he did not vitalize, the Repeal Movement of O'Connell, but his teachings bore rather on the necessity of self-government from within, the restoration of Ireland's olden traditions and language, the rebuilding of its industries and arts, the development of the talents of its people and the incalculable resources of its soil and streams and harbors, and the unification of all Irishmen in that national entity that is the spiritual essence of a nation.

Mitchel, the most logical and resolute of the heirs of



Davis, urged the people to hold their harvests, pay no rents, procure arms and fight for individual and national life what way they could. His arguments were put too forcefully to be ignored and he was convicted of felony by a packed jury. Hence the "Jail Journal," which incidentally describes his adventures on board a penal ship to Bermuda, Cape Colony, Australia, and after his thrilling escape, his varying experiences in the United States; but essentially it is the revealing of the thoughts and character of a stronger, more literary and more striking individuality than that other prisoner of genius, Silvio Pellico. There is scarcely a page that will not afford intellectual delight.

"The Felon's Track" traces the motives and adventures of a resolute and able man of lesser genius who became a felon for reducing the teaching of Davis and Mitchel to action. It will interest Irish students of the period, but the selections from Davis, and more especially Mitchel's "Jail Journal," will delight all who are interested either in the dogmas of patriotism or in true literature. They are well produced and edited. M. K.

**The Ballade.** By HELEN LOUISE COHEN, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. \$1.75.

The artificial form of verse, known as the ballade, sets limitations upon the poet, almost as strict as those of the sonnet. It has not had the same universal vogue, however, nor can ballade literature show the classics that the sonnet can boast. The present book tells interestingly the history of this form of verse, from its beginnings in Romance lands in early medieval days, on through years of increasing popularity to the climax of appeal in French poetry, through its career in Chaucer and Lydgate, till both in France and England it afterwards became but a subject to be treated of in books of rhetoric or disquisitions on poetic forms. Its history closes with the studied revival of the ballade's intricacies in England and France during the latter half of the last century. Its evolution from an unsettled number of stanzas to a final three, its gradation of lines from seven to eight, the establishment of a recognized number of feet, the growth to an identical rhyme scheme in stanzas, the addition of the *envoy* are all learnedly expounded. The early French ballades rank highest in literary merit, though some later English ones compare favorably with them. From the examples given one finds with the author that poetry in ballade form is curious rather than beautiful, exhibiting "the sort of ingenuity that is inconsistent with real poetry," the rule to which "our sad, bad, glad, mad, brother," Villon, proved the brilliant exception, with his famous *Où sont les neiges d'antan*, upon whom Banville based his revival of the form. The book is painstakingly thorough, is copious in references, and generous in its acknowledgments of help from various sources. The author modestly waives originality, but hers must be the credit of much original research, of an original preservation of the facts in a running, reading form, with much of the literature now printed for the first time. C. L. B.

**Thankful's Inheritance.** By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.35.

The large circle of readers who have learned to await with eagerness every new book from the pen of Joseph C. Lincoln will not be disappointed in this novel. In "Thankful's Inheritance" we are again in the environment of Old Cape Cod. There is one of the typical old sea-captains, rugged, witty, wise and upright, and a widow, likewise typical of what is best in the New England character, and with these best types of the good Yankee there are others portraying, but in a kindly way, the other and less amiable side of Yankee-dom. Romance in the shape of two wedding bells, a ghost,

somewhat improbable, and a grasping New York plutocrat all enter to diversify and intensify the tale. It is an interesting and amusing story, though hardly to be reckoned among Mr. Lincoln's best novels. At the present time there is so much that is not only worthless, but even harmful and depraved in the output of our press, that books such as Mr. Lincoln's deserve to be called prominently before prospective readers. His novels are all clean and wholesome. He can take us through the whole gamut of our sentiments and passions without ever striking a note that is discordant or offensive. There is but one fault to be found. The occasional introduction of an Irish name is almost always done to designate an unpleasant offensive character.

J. F. X. M.

**The Evolution of a Teacher.** By ELLA GILBERT IVES. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.00.

This is not a pedagogical treatise, as its name might imply, but an autobiography, published posthumously by one of the writer's intimate friends. The book is of interest not only for its revelation of the author's strong, but withal charmingly feminine character, but also for its glimpses of New England life just before and during the Civil War, and of Chicago at the time of the Great Fire. Mount Holyoke College was Miss Ives' Alma Mater, and her description of its well-balanced curriculum in the early sixties and of the cultured women then graduated, makes one wonder whether her acceptance of the elective system later in life was the result of her observation of its cultural effect on her own pupils. Miss Ives felt that in her case teaching had been bred in the blood. She was possessed of unflinching enthusiasm, unflagging industry and high moral ideals, which, to judge from the grateful letters in this volume, she was unusually successful in inspiring her pupils to seek and find. In the reviewer's opinion, herein lies the chief value of the book. It is an object lesson, not a bundle of principles. In this respect it fulfils the demand of the friendly editor, to whose chance word, "Tell us how a teacher is made," the author informs us the book owes its beginning. But it is too individual to be considered a sort of general formula of teacher-making. It shows how one teacher made herself.

M. J. A.

**Tennis as I Play It.** By MAURICE E. McLAUGHLIN. Preface by RICHARD NORRIS WILLIAMS 2D. Illustrated with Seventy-two Reproductions of Photographs in Action. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

Mr. McLaughlin's book will be a revelation to those who have looked on tennis as a ladies' game, and one not to be classed with baseball for skill or with football for endurance. It is hard to resist the conviction, on laying down the volume, that there is no game whatsoever that calls for such an exacting combination of brawn and brain as the sport of which Mr. McLaughlin is the foremost exponent. No one, perhaps, has ever been in the position to speak so authoritatively on the subject. He has met and defeated the best players of all the world, he has fought for victory in many lands, he has proved his superiority in three continents, and hence has vindicated his right to be considered the world's greatest player. On account of its technical instruction, which is very detailed and practical, and has been proved to be effective, not by theorizing but by actual results, the book will be of much value to those who wish to build up for themselves a skilful and scientific game, as well as to those who are anxious to acquire such a familiarity with the strokes and fine points of the game as will enable them to take an intelligent interest in championship matches. For the general reader, however, the most refreshing thing about the study

is the constant evidence of that fine courtesy that marks Mr. McLaughlin as the true sportsman. Nowhere in his discussion of other players' methods is there the slightest trace of mean rivalry. On the contrary, he gives every man his due, and this with an air of greatest simplicity, that is so genuine that it could not come from anything but honest conviction. Mr. McLaughlin has done more than write a book which will always be considered a classic on good tennis; between the lines, and without intending it, he has given a lesson on playing the game as a sportsman and a gentleman.

J. H. F.

**Dedications and Patron Saints of English Churches.** With 252 Illustrations. By FRANCIS BOND, M.A. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

The handsome and interesting volume with which Mr. Francis Bond enriches the ecclesiologist's store of knowledge of church art in England will receive a hearty welcome from students of church lore, and will provide a liberal education to the prospective traveler who hopes to visit the cathedrals, abbeys and ancient parish churches of England. The book though necessarily brief in its statements, finds its brevity more than counterbalanced by the scholarship and charming style of the author; though the reader will do well to remember that Mr. Bond writes as an Anglican: this will explain the many references to Anglican divines and to the Royal Martyr, King Charles I, who, very naturally, is not commemorated in the Roman Calendar. The dedications are not confined to the pre-Reformation period, but are continued down to the five churches dedicated to King Charles I, who was beheaded in 1649, the only distinctively Anglican dedication, unless we except a church in Australia dedicated in recent years to Thomas Cranmer, Bishop and Martyr.

In his short dissertation on the canons of hagiology Mr. Bond defers considerably to the work of Père Delehaye, though he is somewhat severe on the medieval chroniclers, whom he does not scruple to accuse of deliberate forgery, which opens up a much vexed question. It is somewhat tender to the memory of Henry VIII to state that he suppressed the dedication to St. Thomas of Canterbury on account of his name having become unpopular because of its identification with superstition: this is a pleading dear to the English diocesan chancellors when faculties are sought.

With regard to the names of the saints, there yet remains to be cleared up the question as to how far names have become corrupted and altered out of all recognition by local dialects and idioms. An instance occurs in the case of the Cluniac priory church of the Holy Trinity in York, which was restored a few years since. Among the ancient records was found a reference to the altar and certain customary lights of St. Sunday. As a diligent search of every available calendar and menology showed, there never was such a saint. Eventually, by a combination of dates and other indications it was found possible to place the saint, who was found to be none other than St. Dominic, who was known in medieval York as St. Sunday, evidently a play upon the Latin of his name. In the same way, many of the names of local saints, especially of Cornwall and Wales, will be found to be either corruptions or countryside dialect renderings of the original. Mr. Bond furnishes an instance of this in the Welsh saint whom he calls "Dogfael," but who also appears in different lists as "Dogwell," "Dogmell," "Dogmael," and so on. A curious and unexplained omission is that of any dedication to St. Bede. The excellent photographic illustrations with which the volume abounds add greatly to its usefulness, and a place may well be found for it on the shelves of every library that aspires to any kind of completeness.

H. C. W.

**The Most Vital Mission Problem.** By Rev. FREDERICK SCHWAGER, S.V.D. Translated by Rev. AGATHO ROLF, O.M.Cap. Techny, Illinois: The Mission Press. \$0.90.

The time is past when Protestant mission activity could be ignored, but few realize the vast proportions it has actually assumed and the success, at least in a material way, it has achieved. The author, a recognized authority, confines his work to the Asiatic missions because of their overwhelming political and cultural importance and their enormous populations. The spiritual welfare of 972,000,000 souls is here at stake. Almost everywhere Catholics are outnumbered in the workers engaged in this promising field and the scanty means supplied them are utterly inadequate to enable them to compete on equal terms with the sects. Protestant authorities themselves admit that their rapidly made converts are not seldom wanting in the knowledge of Christianity, but they are none the less likely to be imbued with a strong aversion for the Catholic Church against which all the sects combine in the mission fields. In other ways too they are uniting their forces. The prestige of their many excellently equipped schools and universities must for a long time reflect upon the poverty of our Catholic missionaries and serve to discredit their efforts. Protestants may well be thankful to their American coreligionists for the millions contributed and the personal aid given by them, while American Catholics have hardly begun to realize the gravity of the situation. They must act in haste, or else, naturally speaking, "the future control of Protestantism in the great, closely inhabited lands of Asia is a foregone conclusion." Father Schwager's book should be carefully studied by all interested in the salvation of souls and the future of the Church. There is no doubt that the book might have been rendered into better English, but the translator's zeal in offering it to us at the present time is highly to be commended.

J. H.

#### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Temperance against Prohibition" is the title of the *Catholic Mind* for August 8. It is a reprint of the spirited discussion of the liquor question that has been running for some weeks past in the pages of AMERICA and supplies one in handy form with arguments, worth having, of the partisans on either side of this much-discussed subject of the day. The pamphlet concludes with an instructive and startling article on "European Alcoholism," by Dr. Austin O'Malley, which maintains that restriction of kind in sale of alcoholic drinks has not improved conditions of sobriety in European States.

"In a French Hospital: Notes of a Nurse," by M. Eydoux-Démians, translated by Betty Yeomans (Duffield & Co., \$1.00), is a bit of contemporaneous history dealing with the present European struggle, that shows the generous charity and ardent zeal of the Sisters of Charity for the wounded of France. It is a narrative of the human side of war, touching and inspiring narratives of the wounded and the labors of love and patriotism of those who attend them. Sister Gabrielle is the central figure, a type of those heroic Daughters of St. Vincent who have been so loyal to France, and who have always intervened, as with an element of the supernatural, in their war-time pictures, and now again, almost miraculously, in the supreme struggle of 1914. The book is well worth a reading, and puts one in closer touch with the horribleness of war.

"Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, \$0.75) is a tasty little volume of less than a hundred pages, the kindly tribute of dear friends to the noted con-



vert's life and works. Mrs. Ware Cornish writes of his conversion and his numerous writings, a contribution that originally appeared in the *Dublin Review*. Shane Leslie shows his zealous labors in the Cambridge Apostolate, and Richard Howden narrates interesting anecdotes of the lamented Monsignor. The book abounds in excellent illustrations, and gives the reader in brief the life work of this great English convert.

The publishers herald "Millstone," by Harold Begbie (George H. Doran Co., \$1.25), as a strong and truth-founded story of the giant forces of syndicated vice that still threaten our youth, and the author in his epilogue says that it is a story of modern life essentially true and unexaggerated, and of its truth he has irrefutable evidence. These are strong words, and it is hard to conceive that the substance of the novel could have been drawn from real life. It is sensational without a doubt, but hardly "sanely sensational," as advertised. While interesting in parts, the novel is of no great importance and will hardly effect lasting good.

The autumn prospect indicates an increasing interest in Catholic lecture work. On the list of lecturers is the name of Mr. Cecil Chesterton, whose lectures of last winter were so well received. A new lecturer this year will be Mr. Louis H. Wetmore, sometime literary editor of the *New York Times*. His subjects include: "The Catholic Church and Socialism," "Orthodox and Heretics in Modern Literature," "What Happened to the Oxford Movement," "The Failure of Modern Thought," and "Newman and Huxley, a Study in Opposites." There are, too, lectures on prominent Catholics, such as Hilaire Belloc, Robert Hugh Benson and others of equal importance in the world of thought and action.

"Die Exerzitien des heiligen Ignatius" (Pustet, \$1.75), by Rev. Peter Vogt, S.J., is a novel contribution to the literature of the "Spiritual Exercises." It is made up of passages gathered from the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and bearing upon such of the meditations of the last three weeks of St. Ignatius's famous book as are likely, in the author's judgment, to be selected for an eight days' retreat. The passages follow in a natural sequence or are knit together by a few inserted words, reference to the Fathers being made only at the foot of each page. Father Vogt had previously issued a similar work upon the first part of the "Spiritual Exercises," under the title "Grundwahrheiten." His latest book is not strictly to be regarded as an exposition of the exercises, but as a collection of patristic thought bearing more or less directly upon the general truths contained in them. The original Ignatian meditations in particular are therefore rather incomplete, as was to be expected from the nature of the work.

The following recently edited hymn books have been compiled in keeping with the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X: "The Parish Hymnal" edited by J. Otten (Herder, \$0.25), is a practical volume of convenient size containing an abundant variety of well-chosen hymns and liturgical chants for Low and High Mass and Benediction. A good index adds to the usefulness of the volume, and the price brings it within the reach of congregations, sodalities and choirs of school children.—Everything indicates that the editing of "A Treasury of Catholic Song" (J. Fischer & Bros., \$1.25), has been a labor of love for the compiler, Rev. Sidney S. Hurlbut. The book is published in an attractive form, the selection of hymns, both as to words and music has been done with good taste, and a very complete list of authors and composers at the end of the volume adds to the value of the book. In a foreword the editor outlines with enthusiasm the standard he has kept before him in compiling the hymnal.—A

collection of forty "Gregorian Hymns for Benediction" (St. Louis University, \$0.10) in modern notation is a little book that has already found favor with many choirs and religious communities.

Dr. C. C. Young's "Abused Russia" (Devin-Adair, \$1.35) and John Hubback's "Russian Realities" (Lane, \$1.50) are recent books on the Czar's empire. The first contains a warning, a prophesy and a prediction. The warning cautions Americans against unscrupulous agents of an inferior stock of Persian rams, for breeding purposes; the prophesy foretells the coming of better days for the persecuted Jews, and of political concessions to the Polish and Finnish peoples of Russia, all of which is to come after the war; and the prediction is that Russia will be invincible. The writer's views on the country's religious, racial, political and educational problems are seemingly drawn from personal observation, and his comments on these points are expressed with an earnestness that implies sincere sympathy with the people's difficulties. "Russian Realities" is a more bulky volume and by reason of a repetition of similar conditions in varied localities, less interesting than the first. Though by no means so intended by the writer, a Catholic reader closes the book convinced that the real need of Russia is a widespread knowledge of the doctrines, and a close adherence to the practices, of the one true religion of Christ. Both volumes are fully illustrated.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

##### Benziger Bros., New York:

The Giant Tells. By Jehanne de la Villesbrunne. \$0.90; In God's Army. I. Commanders-in-Chief. St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Francis Xavier. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. \$0.35.

##### Century Co., New York:

The Note-Book of an Attaché. By Eric Fisher Wood. \$1.60; Arms and the Race. By R. M. Johnston. \$1.00.

##### T. Y. Crowell Co., New York:

The Evolution of Literature. By A. S. Mackenzie. \$1.50.

##### George H. Doran Co., New York:

Millstone. By Harold Begbie. \$1.25.

##### Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:

The Butterfly Guide. By W. J. Holland, L.L.D. \$1.00.

##### Duffield & Co., New York:

In a French Hospital: Notes of a Nurse. By M. Eydoux-Démaïns. \$1.00.

##### E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:

The Devil in a Nunnery, and Other Medieval Tales. By Francis Oscar Mann. \$1.50; Two Sinners. By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. \$1.35.

##### Harper & Bros., New York:

The Landloper. By Holman Day. \$1.35.

##### Hearst's International Library Co., New York:

The Elements of the Great War. Hilaire Belloc. \$1.50.

##### Henry Holt & Co., New York:

The Coming Newspaper. Edited by Merle Thorpe. \$1.40.

##### P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:

Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson. \$0.75; The Practice of Mental Prayer. By Father René de Maumigny, S.J. Translation revised by Father Elder Mullan, S.J. \$1.25.

##### Mitchell Kennerley, New York:

Prayer for Peace and Other Poems. By William Samuel Johnson. \$1.25.

##### Librairie Tequi, Paris:

Consignes de Guerre. Par Monseigneur Tissier, Evêque de Châlons. 3 fr. 50; De la Connaissance de l'Ame. Par A. Gratry. Tome I and II. 7 fr. 60 ea.

##### Longmans, Green & Co., New York:

The Religious Education of the Child. By Robert R. Rusk. \$0.50; The *Incendium Amoris* of Richard Rolle of Hampole. Edited by Margaret Deanesley. \$3.25.

##### The Macmillan Co., New York:

Robert Fulton. By Alice Cary Sutcliffe. \$0.50; Citrus Fruits. By J. E. Coit. \$2.00.

##### Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:

College and the Future. By Richard Rice.

##### G. Schirmer, New York:

Reliquary of English Song. 1250-1700. Edited by Frank Hunter Potter. \$1.25.

##### Fred'k A. Stokes Co., New York:

Dead Souls. By Nikolai Gogol. \$1.25; The Steppe. By Anton Tchekhoff. \$1.25.

##### Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.:

The Symbolic Poems of William Blake. Selected by Frederick E. Pierce. \$2.00.

## EDUCATION

## Educational Work in China

## II

ELEMENTARY education is the great need of the country. This is entrusted to local Boards, appointed by the Magistrate, and selected from among the scholars and gentry of the place. Revenue is collected for educational purposes, and may not be applied to other works. In the early part of 1914, an attempt was made to unify the spoken language. The Cantonese of the South can not understand the Pekingese of the Northerner, and the Western Chinamen is at loggerheads with the language of Shanghai. The provinces, nay, many of the large cities and towns, have each their peculiar "brogue," unintelligible to those of other provinces or towns. Nothing came of the movement, and the same medley of dialects continues to prevail as in the past. The Ministry ordered gymnastics and sports to be specially attended to, and more attention to be paid to strict discipline. In fact, disorder and insubordination were rife in several places; teachers had no authority, and petty rebellions against them were frequent. Thus at Wuchang, a large and important city in Central China and the seat of the revolutionary outbreak in 1911, teachers in the Government school had to resign, because they were unpopular with the students.

## IN THE INTERIOR

Some provinces finding, through experience, that the local gentry were unequal to the task of starting good and efficient schools, satisfying the needs of the people, requested the Minister of Education to send capable inspectors from Peking. Few men were available. It was then thought that the many young men educated abroad were fully equipped to fulfil the requirements of the case. They were, however, rejected, on the plea that their stay in foreign countries interfered seriously with a thorough knowledge of their mother tongue. Such men were no doubt intelligent, and had specialized in engineering or other industrial branches, but they lacked breadth of view, and knew little of history, literature, especially the history and literature of China, little of government administration, law, political economy, pedagogics, and so could not help their country in her pressing needs. The conduct of the Government was much criticized, both in the foreign and the native press, with the result that gradually a more favorable attitude was adopted. Not a few young men, however, disappointed in their life's ambition, or wounded in their educational pride, threw in their lot with the rebels and worked for the downfall of their country. The above drawbacks influenced, likewise, the Government from another standpoint.

## EDUCATING ABROAD

The number of young men annually sent abroad to complete their education notably diminished, and it was found preferable and, it may be added, also cheaper, to send them to the university recently opened in Hongkong, or to the numerous high schools of Japan. To illustrate this we need but take an instance of a single province. Thus Yunnan, in Southern China, sent abroad in the course of the year 8 students to Hongkong, 4 to France, 6 to the United States, and 40 to Japan. The educational expenses of a student in Europe were found to amount to \$600 in gold, whereas the cost in Japan would be but \$300 or \$250, that is half or less than it would amount to by sending him to Western countries.

Another feature of the year, especially in elementary and middle schools, was the tendency to revert to the old style

system of education, as it existed before the downfall of the Manchu dynasty. The classics, with all their antiquated notions on religion, the soul, philosophy, natural science, government and social relations, were anew introduced into the curriculum, and children shouted them as thoughtlessly as they did in the past. This was a grave mistake, and set the country back to where it was hundreds of years ago. What China really wants is a practical education, useful and modern knowledge, industrial, commercial, agricultural, for her teeming millions, and this she can not find in the classics. The classical scholar utterly disdains manual labor and all kinds of handicraft. To attest it, he wears long flowing sleeves and allows his finger nails to grow excessively, thereby exhibiting to all how alien he is in theory and fact to the practical pursuits of human life.

## RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES

As the year neared its end, all Government schools were ordered to continue sacrificial ceremonies in honor of Confucius. These had been suppressed in the early years of the Republic, and many thought they would never again be introduced. The literati in Peking and in the provinces requested the President to honor Confucius, as the ancient dynasties did, and the above step was taken to satisfy their demands. Such ceremonies have a religious character, and are largely tainted with superstition, Confucius being considered and worshiped as a super-human being. If he were considered merely as a philosopher, no one could seriously object to recognize him as such, but to kneel to his tablet, to offer incense before it, to make him the equal of heaven, is tantamount to giving him a kind of divine honor. Hence Catholics and Protestants have opposed the measure, and upheld the principle of Christian liberty guaranteed by China, and embodied in the treaties with the great Powers.

## THE MISSION SCHOOLS

Grappling with so many problems, linguistic, economic, pedagogic and ritual, it is easy to understand how the Government must necessarily make slow progress. Elementary education is being much attended to and serious efforts are being made to open schools in cities, towns and hamlets. Practical text-books and programs are being prepared. The number of competent teachers is being increased, and it is expected to reach a thorough organization toward the close of 1916.

Besides the educational work of the Chinese Government, the various missionary bodies have opened schools and colleges throughout the length and breadth of the land, and principally in the ports open to foreign trade. In this good work, Catholics and Protestants vie with each other, and though the latter are better supplied with funds and professors, Catholic schools have held their own with no little success. In all the provinces these mission schools are most prosperous and overflowing with students. The Chinese themselves are the first to acknowledge that there are no better schools in this land. Their superiority is principally due to their excellent and varied programs, their good discipline, strikes of students being rare, and the strong Christian character which they invariably develop, imparting to Young China sound morals for the individual, the home, social and civil life. The Government is favorably disposed towards them, making large grants to some, and in a few cases acknowledging their degrees, as in 1912, those conferred by the Jesuit University in Shanghai.

The Peking *Gazette* gives the following figures for the different classes of schools maintained by foreign missionaries in China: The English and American Protestants have 3,437 elementary schools with an attendance of 76,657 pupils.



and 257 secondary schools with 30,592 students. The German Protestants have 164 elementary schools with 4,862 pupils, and 15 secondary schools with 532 students. The Catholic missionaries have 5,877 elementary schools with an attendance of 126,305 pupils, and 157 secondary schools with 6,545 students. Catholic secondary schools are now being pushed forward with greater energy than in the past, and so far amply repay the heavy sacrifices in men and funds made in their behalf.

China seriously loves education, elementary and advanced, and sees in it the basis of national prosperity and progress. As the country settles down, and more funds are available for this purpose, she will also devote more energy toward solving this necessary problem.

M. KENNELLY, S.J.

## ECONOMICS

### The Psychology of Social Rest

ENGLAND, under the stress of war, seems to be teaching us a very wholesome lesson in social psychology. It is a lesson we might easily have learned from France many years ago, had we been so minded; but possibly our poor understanding of the Latins has forced us to wait, as it were, for an English translation. I refer to the terms of the recent English war loan.

Mr. Belloc looks for the social resurrection at the time when there will be a general redistribution of property on an equitable basis, when we shall have a number of small proprietors, and small capitalists, and correspondingly few proletarians. This is an idea which the Catholic French have always entertained, as Mr. Belloc very generously points out; also the southern Germans and many other Catholic peoples. Responsible ownership of the ground or the prominent means of production is almost, one might say, a Catholic characteristic. In Protestant countries, the severance of responsibility from the right of control has usurped the higher ideals of ownership, and the result has been and always must be socially volcanic.

### THE LESSON OF THE LOAN

The new English war loan is professedly democratic. But at bottom it is more than that. It offers, by means of small denominational bonds, as the majority of French loans have always offered, to take the whole nation into its confidence. The results, of course, can only be predicted; but it seems more than probable that this appeal to the trust of even the poor people of the country will result in a new and enlightened patriotism, and a far greater feeling of responsibility for the affairs of government.

Now we ourselves are not yet under the necessity of raising a war loan; but we are undoubtedly suffering from a disease very similar to that which has hitherto caused the indifference to national issues among the English poor. Our laborers have no direct share in the country's industries, and very little incentive to promote by hearty cooperation the general economic development. There are many grave moral causes for this. Much injustice has been done, and will continue to be done, and many men have been kept in poverty who deserve at least moderate comfort. But if the success of the English war loan teaches one fact above all others, it is that investment in the country's resources, and resultant interest in the larger economic issues, is a matter, first and foremost, of psychology.

### "SENSE OF OWNERSHIP"

Probably many comparatively poor men in England to-day have invested the equivalent of one thousand dollars in the

new government bonds, who would never have done so had each bond sold for one thousand dollars. To be sure, the attached interest would have been the same. But the sense of ownership would not have been anywhere near the same. To see how true this is even in our own country, we have only to examine the lists of the small investors in fake mines, and many so-called curb stocks. A widow with a few hundred dollars in the bank can easily be persuaded to invest her all in some fanciful gold mine with shares at par value of five dollars. For one hundred dollars she can become an owner of twenty shares! That is the lesson in a nutshell. She might purchase one share of excellent railroad stock for the same amount of money. But it would not seem so much. And then, before she could buy a second share she would have to save her second hundred dollars, perhaps a matter of months, instead of being able to buy one new share as each five dollars was saved. The net results in income might be the same in either case. But, humanly speaking, and that means imperfectly speaking, the results would be entirely different. One would bring satisfaction, the other would only emphasize the gulf separating the poor owner of one share from the rich owner of a thousand. The difference between one and one thousand shares is far greater psychologically than the difference between twenty and twenty thousand shares. It ought not to be; but humanly it is so, and the new finances of Great Britain are depending on this human truth.

### THE SMALL BOND

If many of our large corporations were compelled by law to issue a certain percentage of their capital stock, and an equal percentage of their bonds, in denominations of twenty-five, or even of ten or five dollars, I am confident the result would be exceedingly gratifying. Many laborers who now simply put their earnings in a savings bank at low rates of interest would be stimulated to invest directly in the conservative capital operations of the country. This in itself would secure them a new concern for the welfare of the country as a whole, and above all a new and active sense of responsibility, a sort of anchorage that would be of untold value in times of social restlessness. The mere fact that each new five dollars would mean a new share of a new bond, that they would not have to wait perhaps for months to buy one solitary share, would make all the difference between vague hostility to capital operations and a friendly interest in them. It is the same psychology which makes a success of the various instalment schemes. It is the psychology which resurrected France after 1870. It might well prove for us the psychology of social rest at a time when class interest is becoming far more powerful than social loyalty. At all events, it is worth more than passing consideration, as England has found to-day.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

## NOTE AND COMMENT

A special cable despatch to the New York *Sun* contained this valuable and confusing piece of information:

It is understood on excellent authority that the Pope held a long conversation with the Cardinals who represent England and France on the occasion of his name day to-day and informed them in unmistakable language of his strong sympathy with the Allies, aroused by a firm conviction that the war was deliberately provoked by Germany and Austria. Pope Benedict is understood to have insisted again upon the neutrality of the Holy See.

How anyone can reconcile the statements seriously printed in these few lines without doing violence to plain common sense is unintelligible. "If you see it in the *Sun* it's so" once

meant something to the readers of this paper. A few cables from Rome like the above will demand the addition of the word "foolish" to keep the sense of the sentence.

Mrs. Booth-Clibborn told the Purity Congress, in session at San Francisco last month, a few striking truths about the modern woman:

Society has developed, especially within the last thirty years, a vast army of women who will not be women; married women who avoid children; incapable mothers who shirk the obligations and responsibilities of motherhood, in fact, women who can do anything and everything except fulfil the highest of all destinies, the bringing forth of beautiful children and the making of them into men and women who will bless humanity. Woman's neglect and denial of her highest vocation is bearing bitter fruit. Woman is not altogether to blame for her failure to fulfil her destiny. The world has made and worships this false woman.

It is quite a relief to hear a woman speak of woman's responsibilities. So much space has been given to woman's rights in public utterances that all responsibilities seem to have disappeared from view.

How delightfully ingenuous some non-Catholic papers can be is evidenced from this wise paragraph on "The Vatican and the War," that appeared in the *Churchman*:

Nothing has more completely revealed the weakness of the clerical party in Italy than its absolute impotence in keeping the country to the policy of neutrality. All the clerical newspapers, both in Rome and in the great provincial cities, are definitely pro-German, and, of course, they only reflect the feeling prevalent in Vatican circles.

The logic of this is a bit difficult for the average reader, and under the circumstances narrated, it is strange that Catholics who presumably are prominent in that impotent "clerical party," should have fairly flocked to the flag, on the declaration of war. Are the 36,000 clerics now in the Italian army all pro-German?

Readers of the *Living Church* must have weighed with sadness the problem of empty pews as stated by the dean of the Episcopal cathedral of Milwaukee:

A man withdrew from a church and compelled his family to withdraw, because at an oyster supper given by the ladies of the church, at which he arrived very late, he was served with oyster soup in which there were no oysters.

A man left a church and took his children out of the Sunday-school because the paper napkins for the Sunday-school picnic were not bought at his store.

One woman wanted to join the Episcopal Church, because she "just loved the litany and the burial service," and another woman because "the Episcopal Church believed in dancing."

A woman refused to go any longer to her parish church after it had been redecorated and refurnished. When asked whether she objected to the new stained-glass windows, or the new altar, with its candles, or the new crucifix, or the new pews. "No," she said, "I don't mind any of those things; but a hard wood floor is too high church for me!"

The reasons given by the dean of the cathedral to explain why people "give up church" will make Milwaukee famous. This city was famous for another reason in the past.

It is perhaps due to the peculiar habit of modern thought that material values are accentuated at the cost of moral issues. A recent report on motion pictures is a fair example of the American attitude toward such problems:

The rapid rise of the motion picture business is the marvel of the entire world. Commercial history holds no other instance of a new industry springing into life in so short a period of time. The admission receipts of photoplay theaters

in the United States, during the first eleven months of 1914, totaled approximately \$318,000,000. The *Chicago Evening Post*, in commenting on the Census report, states: "This is only the cold materialistic view of the industry. More than \$500,000,000 of actual capital has been invested in the making and exhibiting of films in the United States. Two hundred and fifty thousand employees find in it a means of livelihood. Including all of its ramifications and affiliations, the industry is called the fifth largest in the land, and the total value of the property and good will of it all is practically inestimable."

The "good will of it all" is not inestimable, from the standpoint of decency at any rate. The most sacred feelings of a great number of American citizens have been outraged by filthy films, just because the box office receipts gave no indication that any one cared. A "white list" has just been issued to Philadelphia Catholics covering all the moving-picture houses in the city. If there were real good will on the part of all concerned in this great industry there would be no need of "white lists," for every program would be a white list.

The report of the Catholic Educational Association on the condition of Catholic secondary education makes interesting and instructive reading. The committee that drew up the report divided the high schools into three classes—parish or independent high schools containing boys, college high schools and girls' high schools or academies. Of the first class the committee found that there were 599 schools, with an attendance of 29,476 in the high school grades—17,594 boys and 11,882 girls. In the college high schools or preparatory departments there are 17,204 secondary students, with 989 teachers. The girls' high schools number 577, with 27,858 high school pupils. Altogether there are 1,276 secondary schools, the combined attendance amounting to 74,538. Of this number 34,798 were boys and 39,740 were girls.

These are consoling figures both to the Church and to the State; to the former for various reasons, to the latter, for the money saved to the public treasury, if for no other reason. Last year education cost the nation \$750,000,000; there were 22,000,000 pupils in the schools of the United States, public and private, and 700,000 teachers; of these 566,000 were in the public schools. Some States contemplate showing their gratitude to the Church by taxing her schools, thus putting a triple burden upon Catholic parents.

The zeal of Protestants for foreign missions is aptly illustrated by this report of gifts received during the past year:

The Northern Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions received in the year ending March 31, 1915, an increase of \$72,608 from the churches for general purposes. The total from all sources was \$2,268,819. The United Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions for the year ending April 30, 1915, reported an increase of \$10,000 from regular sources. The Methodist Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions reports a gain of \$3,618 from Spring Conferences up to June 1, 1915. The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society received \$1,610,396, an increase of \$441,515 for the year closing March 31, wiping out a debt of \$182,713. The Home Board also paid its debt of \$71,051, without diminishing its regular receipts from the churches. The Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions, for the eight months ending May 1, 1915, received \$868,864, an increase of \$125,000, four-fifths of which is a special emergency fund. From regular collections the gain was \$31,866. The American Board gained \$27,567 in the eight months ending March 31, 1915, the receipts being \$393,112. The Foreign Board of the Reformed (Dutch) Church gained \$11,000 in receipts from the churches in the year closing May 1, though there was a loss in bequests. The Domestic Board gained \$16,000. The Reformed (German) Church gathered \$84,178 for its debt last year in the Prince of Peace Fund.

This is a notable record. May it remind delinquent well-to-do Catholics that they have forgotten their annual dues of ten or twenty cents to our foreign missionary societies.